



GOSPEL HARMONY,

A SACRED POEM.

[The Profits to be appropriated to the Funds of 'The Society for the
Propagation of the Gospel.']

GOSPEL HARMONY,

A SACRED POEM,

OF FOUR PARTS.

' In the cause
Of God and His Messiah.'

Milton, Par. Lost, B. VI.

BY T. PARFITT, D.D.

OF BALLIOL COLLEGE, OXFORD,
PERPETUAL CURATE OF GLASTONBURY.



LONDON :

ROAKE AND VARTY, 31, STRAND ;
PARKER, OXFORD ; AND DEIGHTONS, CAMBRIDGE.

1837.

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TO

THE RIGHT REVEREND

GEORGE HENRY LAW, D.D.

LORD BISHOP OF BATH AND WELLS;

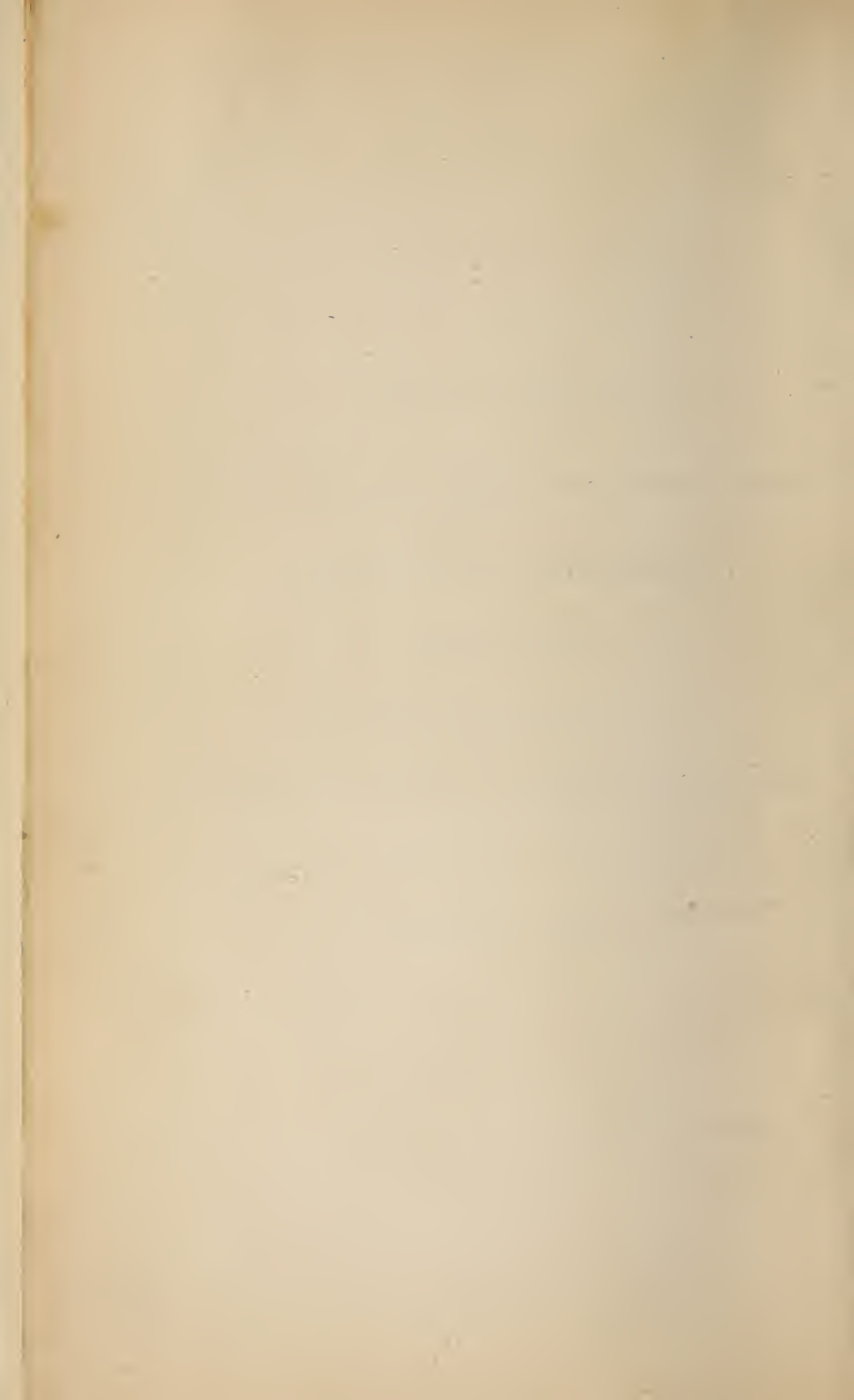
THIS POEM

IS—BY PERMISSION—INSCRIBED

WITH PURE SENTIMENTS OF GRATITUDE AND RESPECT;

BY HIS FAITHFUL AND DUTIFUL SERVANT,

THE AUTHOR.



ADVERTISEMENT.

AT whose kind promotion, and with whose benign and co-operating aid, this Sacred Poem—under the title of GOSPEL HARMONY—is now introduced to public notice ; ere *they* are requested to open its pages, to these his friends the author feels himself as placed under an obligation to address a few words ; in the way of previously explaining to them, why the production of the Poem has been so long delayed, and also on what account the price affixed exceeds that which was first proposed for each copy to *the subscribers*.

A candid statement of the fact ; that, subsequently to his former engagement, a considerable alteration has been made in the plan, increasing the contents of the volume—by more than 2000 lines above the number intended—the same, he trusts, will be accepted by them for a reasonable and satisfactory explanation, both of the delay and likewise of the difference.

The truth is; as the mind of the writer, on mature reflection, became since impressed with the magnitude of the undertaking, to which his attention was directed; he found the illustration of the subject gradually to expand into a far ampler field, than he had before contemplated: so that, feeling himself straitened within the prescribed limits, he was induced to enlarge the design, and to indulge a more extensive scope; to the intent he might more freely select the rich materials—to form and to adorn a little composition in verse—from among the pure and glowing gems, with which the inexhaustible treasury of the Gospel abounds.

At the same time, by means of Hymns interposed, and distinguished from the general stanzas, he has studied to connect the several parts of the poem; so as to preserve uninterrupted the train of mental association, both in actual accordance and in chronological agreement also with the tenour of the Evangelical History: whence, from the parts being aptly disposed to succeed each other, after an

uniform order and in a regular series, might arise a comprehensive view, of the most interesting descriptions and important events, in the life and ministry of "Jesus Christ;" combining the truths and doctrines, the evidences and testimonies, with the glorious triumphs, the gracious operations, and the happy results of the *divinely* conceived and *divinely* accomplished scheme of *Redeeming Love*. Though after all he must be conscious of the great deficiency of his feeble efforts—Yea, he is truly sensible how very perceptibly fail his humble attempts, to produce a clear and an adequate representation, of the excellency of its beauties and charms, when each individual point supplies ample subject for a full and copious theme.

Such act however of enlarging the original design, obviously required a longer time to prepare the work—if *such* it may be termed—for the press ; nor has the same been effected without much additional expense.

No doubt therefore to the small advance of one shilling on the volume, as it now consists of Four Parts, the subscribers will readily accede ; especially

when they understand, that the clear profits of the present edition are to be devoted to the best of causes, even to the purpose of assisting the labours of true Christian love, toward diffusing the true Doctrine of the Gospel, to the glory of *His name* ; which of the Mercy of God in CHRIST JESUS has been given, and according to God's promise is ultimately to be brought near, "for a light and for salvation unto the end of the earth:" while, in behalf of the particular Society here alluded to—as zealously employed in promoting so holy and charitable an object—the writer confidently believes every one of the subscribers to his poem, will unanimously join him, in cordial wishes of good success to all the proceedings of the Society, and in devout invocation thereon of a continuance of the *Divine blessing*.

Nov. 1, 1836.

THE Society, with whose sacred interests the author has ventured to connect the present little publication, is confessedly entitled to rank the most ancient of all Religious Institutions of the kind in this country; viz. ‘THE SOCIETY FOR THE PROPAGATION OF THE GOSPEL IN FOREIGN PARTS;’ the same which was by *Royal charter* incorporated in the year 1701; and which, since the late withdrawal of the Parliamentary grant toward the annual recruit of its funds, may be justly esteemed to prefer an increasing stronger claim, in its behalf, to the personal exertion, and to the individual aid and benevolence of all ‘whose desire is the extension of *the Redeemer’s Name and Kingdom.*’

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GOSPEL HARMONY.

Μεγάλων ἀπολισθαίνειν "Ομως εὐγενὲς ἁμάρτημα.

Dionysii Longini de Sublimitate, §c.

PREFACE TO THE GOSPEL HARMONY.

IN LOVE to *God*—to wake of joy divine
A grateful strain ; as we the brightness trace
Of gems of treasure in the sacred mine,
Reflecting rays that emanate of grace,
Pure from “*the Son*” of the Eternal Sire ;
These lines of Gospel Harmony aspire.

“*What* bard essays of heavenly things
To trace the course in vaulting rhyme ?
Were thine to mount on eagle wings,
Aspire not to those heights sublime.”
Lest sudden flash of glorious light,
The mortal vision may confound ;
Restrain, my Muse, thy daring flight,
Nor soar beyond thy proper bound.

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Restrain, my Muse, thy daring flight,
Nor soar beyond thy proper bound.

A gifted mind the work requires ;
Lines that run kindling with the flame,
Whose touch the Psalmist's tongue inspires,
The praises of the Gospel claim :
Let me, as meet, in lowly strain
Of Mercy sing and Love supreme ;
Nor doctrine blend with fiction vain,
But make "the truth" our Christian theme.

So may that noblest theme conspire
With holy thoughts, sweet tones to frame ;
Such tones as may a "Jubal's" lyre
Awake, to sound the Saviour's name :
So may these Hymns with spirit glow ;
And through the heart impress the mind,
To Him what souls redeemed owe,
Who paid the Ransom for mankind :
While trembling thou forbear'st, my Muse, to try
The depths, unfathom'd, of "the Mystery" ;
To be "extreme to mark" the failing line,
'Tis to forget—no work of man can be divine.

GOSPEL HARMONY,
OR,
A GRATEFUL OFFERING.

“ To testify the Gospel of the Grace of God.”—Acts xx. 24.

G O S P E L H A R M O N Y.

DESCRIPTION OF PART I.

THE Poem opens with a Prayer of invocation to the Messiah; whence the writer proceeds, briefly to touch on the following interesting subjects of the Gospel.—Viz.—I. The Good Tidings—II. The Incarnate God—III. The Oriental Star—IV. The Infant Sacrifice—V. The Herald's Cry—VI. The Desert Scene—VII. The Election of the Twelve—VIII. The strain of Beatitude—IX. The Marriage Feast—X. The Nocturnal Interview—XI. The Renewed Joy.

“ Prepare the way ! A God, a God appears.”

POPE.—*Messiah.*

GOSPEL HARMONY.

PART I.

“ Sing us one of the songs of Zion.”—Ps. cxxxvii. 3.

O that a spark of holy fire
May touch my lips, and soul inspire.

THE PRAYER OF INVOCATION.

O SAVIOUR of mankind ! the Sinner's Friend,
Pure Source of grace, whence mercy-streams descend ;
Incarnate Word ! who comest from above,
Adored Offspring of Eternal Love ;
By whom express'd, of Majesty divine
The glorious beams in brightest lustre shine :

“ O Son of David !” Author of the Light,
Whereby dispell’d the clouds of Pagan night
Vanish, that *Faith* her heavenly course may steer,
Illum’d by Thee, from mists of darkness clear :
O, purge this mental film with wisdom’s ray,
And to thy suppliant’s soul reveal the way ;
“ The living Way” by Thee the sinner’s Friend,
Pure source of grace, whence mercy-streams descend.

When to the sign, resplendent through the plain,
Enquiring turns the ’astonied Hebrew swain ;
Not yet knows he *what glorious* tenant claims
Yon “ Bush,” which burns untouch’d by wasting flames ;
But soon he stops, check’d by that awful sound—
“ Draw *not* nigh hither,” to this “ holy ground ;”
But “ keep thy foot,” for *holy* is this place
To Me, the Lord, “ the God” of Jacob’s race.
Then “ Moses” awed, turns from the flaming sign,
Awed by thy presence and thy voice divine.

While, King of kings ! to Thee the seraph-train
Their homage pay, and pour the hallow'd strain ;
The temple moves, and clouds of incense rise
To Him whose Spirit fills the earth and skies ;
While through the Courts the vision-splendours roll,
A solemn tremor fills "Isaiah's" soul :
Then, as the portals bend, before thy Throne
The Seër bows, and breathes the sinner's moan—
"Woe me ! Undone." A man of lips impure !
Can such to see "the Lord of Hosts" endure ?

What eye thy glorious presence may sustain !
Hence Daniel also faints from grief and pain ;
The Prophet falls, and trembling life implores :
When lo ! thy gracious touch his strength restores—
That all may know, whence we the breath derive,
Thy quickening breath, O Lord, by which we live.
But, *who* the terrors of that dreaded day !
The signs, which shall the Judgment-Seat display,

Can witness? Who? Kindling in righteous ire,
As from the' Avenger issue streams of fire :
Did not for him a Saviour intervene,
No sinner could survive the' appalling scene.

O, by such views of Majesty divine
Thus deep impress'd, thy suppliant's soul incline
With holy awe to touch the sacred theme,
In which lie mysteries of Love supreme ;
To turn the eye of Faith toward the Sign,
Where Truth and Mercy in sweet union join ;
And joyful trace the dawning beams of Grace,
To cheer the prospect of a fallen race :
While 'thoughts that breathe' of love the heart inflame,
That seeks to glorify the Father's name ;
To this pure end, O Lord, the soul incline,
Impress'd with solemn views of Majesty divine !

" He hath put a new song in my mouth, even praise unto our God."

Ps. xl. 3.

GOSPEL HARMONY.

I.

What glory, Bethle'm, fills thy plains !

Whence flow those soft angelic strains !

Now take with joy the choir above

“ Their golden harps,” to celebrate

“ The Day-spring” of redeeming Love,

And notes of melody create.

Angelic music fills the air,

Soft wafted on the seraph-wings ;

And lovely sounds “ the Shepherds” hear,

As thus the blissful theme begins—

‘ List, swains of Judah, to the voice,
A voice serene to calm your fears ;
List to these tidings, and rejoice—
“ This day” the promised Christ appears.’

Again they touch the heavenly string,
To calm, to still the trembling cry ;
And, full of holy rapture, sing
The love to man of God most High.
Within the sphere of glory round,
As move the train celestial near ;
Sweet does the choral anthem sound,
With cherub-tones the soul to cheer.
Join, Christians, and your voices raise,
In honour of Immanuel’s birth ;
Rejoicing, hail with songs of praise
His peaceful Advent to the earth.

Let troubling care give place to joy ;
No sin pollute the happy day ;
Let souls, that grateful thoughts employ,
Unto His courts direct their way :

To God a cheerful tribute bring ;
To God let their affections rise :
He is the Source, whence mercies spring
And goodness, that transcend the skies.
He from above the Saviour sends,
That He to man may peace restore ;
Because God thus his Love commends,
With hearts attun'd—both rich and poor,
Let all unite to spread his fame,
In strains of glory to His glorious Name.

II.

Rejoice, O Earth. The promis'd seed,
—Fulfill'd the cycle of the years—
Lo ! in “the Form” by heaven decreed,
The Joy of nations now appears :

Stupendous scheme of love to man !
“ A Virgin” by the Power supreme
Conceives ; e’en so ‘ the Bard began,’
In spirit rapt, the joyful theme.

Behold ! “ To us a Child is born :”
And, as they rise, auspicious shine,
See, Mercy beams to greet the morn ;
That with the rays of Truth combine,
To shed a lustre on the name
Which he receives, ‘ the Sinner’s Friend ;’
As feelings that the heart inflame,
In clouds of incense sweet ascend.

His robe of glory now laid by ;
He of our flesh and blood partakes,
Who “ in a manger” deigns to lie,
“ The Son”—incarnate for our sakes :
What marvel sign ! that lowly shed,
—Meet, lowly musings to inspire—
The only place to lay his head,
For Him “ the Equal” to his Sire !

The Mighty God, who thus prepares,
As man, in menial form to move,
Approv'd will call—his chosen heirs—
The souls that stoop to works of love.

Hail we “ the Branch of David’s line,”
Whose lamp with light unfading streams ;
As, Solyma, toward thy shrine
Still gliding turn its hallow’d beams :
Let us its radiant path pursue,
By which the love of God to trace ;
While opens, to our wond’ring view,
The plan of reconciling grace.

Ere man was formed from the ground,
Or ere the sun with orient gleam
Illum’d this globe ; in depths profound
His wisdom laid this mercy-scheme ;
Yet mindful of the human race,
In pity who the light reveals,
The light of *His* unclouded face,
And breaks the volume’s mystic seals.

What sacrifice ! Alone to know
Be His, with bliss who freely parts ;
His visit to this scene of woe,
Should bind to Christ our grateful hearts :
For, not to claim the sceptre due ;
He who Jehovah's title bears,
But, that this Child may peace renew,
He passes through the vale of tears ;
When needed most, desir'd of all ;
He comes, " the Promise," at the time,
When lies the world, as from " the Fall,"
Immers'd in darkness and in crime.

He comes, Messiah, from above,—
The Spirit cannot speak in vain—
With tokens of the Father's love,
His word of blessing to maintain.
He comes, " a Prophet," from above ;
—The Lord rejected and unknown—
He will the souls, that faithful prove,
As " sons of God" adopted own.

He comes, the Saviour, from above,
In mercy sinners to embrace ;
With whom descends the Holy Dove,
The symbol of returning peace.
Hail, all, " Immanuel," from above,
Who will " thy sting, O Death," destroy ;
He shall " the flaming sword" remove,
New hopes to raise of lively joy,
—When shall the parting spirit soar
Across the gulf, to gain the heavenly shore.

III.

Arise, " Bright Star," the day reveal,
The day that brings salvation nigh ;
What transport will the sages feel,
To hail thy brightness in the sky !
Not dim, as when its tremulous beam
Troubled the mists of Balaam's dream ;
But now, unveil'd, thy rays expand,
Blest harbinger of joy to every land.

Thou, by whose steering lustre led,
“The Magi” seek the new-born King;
Bright Star we need thy friendly aid,
That may to Christ dark sinners bring:
Thou guiding Light, the way to cheer;
Shed from that fount serene and clear,
To pilgrim-feet thy radiance blest,
With hope that brightens, of the promised rest.

Again thy beams the sages greet,
Still tending to the chosen place;
With offerings rich and odours sweet,
As “first-fruits” from the Gentile race:
Approaching, at His feet they lay
The tribute, and their homage pay;
While, bending to the glorious Heir,
They, fearless, Israel’s Prince the Babe declare.

Although their names in silence lie,—
“The wise men” versed in Eastern lore.—
Their splendid “record is on high;”
And what memorial need they more?

From them, the mission-path to tread,
From them, the truth to seek and spread,
Who *first* to worship "Jesus" came ;
Let Christian spirits catch the glowing flame.

When souls the light of life implore,
That lie involv'd in heathen gloom ;
Let the light spread from shore to shore,
Which may the shades of death illumine :
For dying souls God's mercies plead !
To save them in the hour of need,
On wings the Gospel speeds the way,
Where'er the joyful sun revolves the day.

Is this the great Redeemer's cause ?
Let each a grateful mite bestow,
That from the Fountain freely draws,
To which we every blessing owe :
O ! move not back ; lest He complain,
That Christ has touch'd the chord in vain ;
Who for the heathen, makes appeal
To Christian charity and Christian zeal.

IV.

Why flames yon sword of sacrifice
O'er Bethle'm, bath'd in infant's blood,
And rends the heart with piercing cries?
' O Mercy, stem the rising flood !
What feelings cause that bitter sigh,
To heaven from " Rama " to ascend ?
Her harmless lambs, why must they die !
Or can such *little ones* offend !

No balm may " Rachel's " grief assuage ;
Her wounded heart bewails with tears
The victims, of the tyrant's rage,—
Incensed rage,—and jealous fears :
Does he the infant *thus* adore ?
Cease, " Herod," on Ambition's shrine
The blood of *Innocents* to pour ;
Let Moloch cease his mad design.

No more, bereaved parents ! weep ;
Bright robes of bliss shall deck the slain :
Why wake them from that placid sleep,
Into a world of sin and pain ?
O envy not her sudden flight,
If “ Mary, her first-born ” to save,—
In vision warn’d—escape by night
The terrors of the opening grave ;

If from the merciless decree,
The Virgin o’er the desert wild,
Or to the distant mountain flee ;
And so secure the Holy Child—
Till “ Egypt ” shall the stranger greet ;
Then with her “ idols ” trembling fall,
And low lie prostrate at His feet,
To hear—if not to’ obey—the call.

Blest is the man that loves the place,
Where dwells the LORD’s protecting Name ;
Who ceases not to seek His face,
And refuge at God’s altar claim :

Here armed with the 'immortal shield
Of Promise, 'gainst the fear of death ;
Good " Simeon " calmly waits to yield
To Him that gave, the vital breath.

His was the cheering Voice to hear,
That might the soul from bondage free,
' To thee the Saviour shall appear,
Before thou dost corruption see.'
Blest soul ! now comes the closing scene,
He hails the token to depart ;
Whose views, so peaceful and serene,
Rest fix'd on " Jesus " near his heart.

In *holy* soil let parents rear
The young plant, deep to fix the root ;
And watch the' expanding bud with care,
That it may bring forth heavenly fruit :
When fed by drops of morning dew,
That fall within the hallow'd ground ;
Fair blossoms, of celestial hue,
Diffuse their fragrance sweet around.

So spirit-moved of his Sire,
“The Son” toward the Temple draws,
As early kindle sparks of fire
His soul, devoted to the cause :
And see, the sacred portals shine,
E’en of “this Temple made with hands ;”
And thither trace each radiant line,
Where nigh the Lord of glory stands—

Intent to hear—inspired to teach :
While from His lips such answers flow,
That wond’ring—whence that gift of speech !
All, silent, to his wisdom bow.
In temper mild, of tender age,
Let youth to learn of “Jesus” seek ;
And may their hearts *His* word engage,
Who loves the docile and the meek :
Did Christ bend to parental sway ?
Let youth take hence a pattern to “*Obey.*”

V.

—But hark ! The voice—“ Prepare the way :”
Ye mountains, sink ; ye vallies, rise ;
And to “ the Lord” your homage pay—
“ The voice” throughout the desert cries :
‘ While yet is Mercy to be found,
Heed, sinners, heed the warning-sound ;
And, lest ye in his wrath expire,
Seek to appease the Lord’s incensed ire.

‘ Yon waves in angry billows roll—
One comes, who is o’er all supreme,
To purify the guilty soul,
And cleanse it with a fiery stream ;
“ But *who* His coming may abide ?”
As terrors close on every side,
The mountains trembling still with fear,
What sinner can before His face appear ?”

Now ; to fulfil God's righteous law,
His peaceful feet to "Jordan" tend ;
Then "John" retires, impress'd with awe,
Though "Jesus" comes to greet his friend :
The Baptist sees such glory pure,
As may no mortal eye endure,
Descending on the' Incarnate word—
Behold, he cries, the' Anointed of the Lord !

John sees, on whom the tokens rest,
The Glory-beams and Spirit-Dove ;
He hears Jehovah's voice attest
"The Son"—the offspring of His love :
Such lustre dims the Herald's sight,
Who yields to Christ's *eclipsing* light ;
The Morning-star's bright shining ray,
Before the rising Sun so fades away.

Alone He does salvation bring ;
Who only can the grace bestow,
To purge the latent stain of sin—
The Rock, whence living waters flow :

He is—the *Witness* still replies—
In whom eternal wisdom lies,
The preacher of the Heavenly theme;
He is the Christ, who will the world redeem.

No demon; whose appalling name
A mother's feeling turns to stone,
Her infant ere she in the flame
Can place, and hear his dying moan;
Christ comes baptizing, life to gain
For spirits quick'ned from the grave;
He frees the captive from his chain,
To be no more to sin a slave:
While trials meet for glory make
The soul, that suffers for the Saviour's sake.

VI.

—Infernal Powers! renew the strife,
The war of elements below;
For now against the Prince of Life,
Hell's gates send forth the restless foe:

Let darkness cloud the desert-scene,
His subtle plot where plies the Fiend
Of malice, with a smile serene—
Who may with *such* a foe contend?

Sure never yet to human eye
Did forces so unequal meet ;
The one, far fam'd beyond the sky,
In rebel-arms a chieftain great ;
But *who* lies faint there on the plain,
With hunger faint, that Child of woe ?
Of strength what does his arm retain,
From him to ward the' impending blow ?

The Tempter, thus to try his power
Against the flesh from fasting weak,
Assails Christ in this trying hour ;
—But he *that Rock* can never shake :

For see ! Christ, with his pointed spear,
“The Word of God,” the Victor’s sign,
Back drives the foe ; who cannot bear
The piercing Light of Truth divine.

When, Christian, comes the conflict sore ;
Of “Jesus,” who will shield “his own,”
In faith the promis’d help implore,
To plead for thee before the Throne :
Let on his Truth thy soul rely,
For by his word the spirit lives ;
Who feed on “bread alone” shall die,
But Christ the food immortal gives.

No more for earthly jewels pine,
Whose transient lustre soon decays ;
When is “the Hope of glory” thine,
A crown bright with unfading rays :
But “Jesus” learn to imitate ;
Like Him, when chasten’d, kiss the rod,
And “be content” in every state,
Thy will, like His, resign’d to God.

While sinners from the Faith secede,
Is still to thee thy Saviour dear?
While they revile "the holy seed,"
Dost thou the shame rejoice to bear?
If shall with such all converse end;
An exile, and the scoffer's scorn,
Yet hast thou *Him*, thy faithful friend,
That seeks the outcast and forlorn.

Can they, though impious arms expel,
Remove his sheep as from his face;
Who for them opes a springing well
Of comfort, in the desert place?
His promise a sweet balm supplies,
Meek spirits! that reproaches take;
His cross will gain a noble prize,
For them rejected for his sake.

Is he "cast out?" the soul which rose,
E'en from "Siloam" fill'd with zeal,
To plead his cause before his foes;
To him will Christ himself reveal:

Though, like a dog repuls'd, he flies,
Lest may his breath the incense taint ;
“The Son” shall look on him with eyes
Of love, as on the purest saint :
When first the Sun arose to shine,
The blind its beams rejoicing hail'd ;
But how *his* joy of soul define,
That sees Christ's face no longer veil'd :
Blest eyes to see ! where no cloud lies,
What far excels the brightness of the skies.

VII.

—*Who*, here retir'd, devoutly spends
The lonely hours of silent night ;
Till, through the shady grove, descends
A soft pale streak of dawning light ?

“It is the Lord,” engaged in prayer;
That heaven his spirit may direct,
With whom “the gift of God” to share,
As martyr-friends and saints elect:
In soul impress’d with solemn views,
That to his temples rest deny;
He prays for grace, “the Twelve” to choose,
And seal them for the Ministry:
Then, with the morn, a chosen band
Their vessels quit, his call to meet;
And rising move from yonder strand,
To follow Christ ‘with cheerful feet.’
—Thus, to His glory when to rear
A Temple “Solomon” design’d;
God sent his Spirit, to prepare
The willing heart and gifted mind,
To frame the Shrine with cunning skill,
To make God’s offering, and fulfil His will.

VIII.

But, turn; admire that placid stream
Of wisdom, which so purely flows;
How, ting'd, as with a lucid beam
Of Eloquence, the doctrine glows:
And note, with what persuasive tone
The Teacher winds round captive hearts;
Who, touching with a grace unknown,
A new attractive charm imparts
To Nature's scene; while views benign
Of Providence, He loves to draw,
The sanction of whose word divine
Confirms and magnifies the Law.

As "Jesus from the Mount" explains—
What may the hope of bliss inspire;
Sweet music fills the Gospel-strains,
To raise to Heaven the soul's desire:

He to the wise reveals the prize,
Who "peace ensue," and mercy seek ;
Exalts with praises to the skies
"The poor in spirit, and the meek :"
He with Beatitude invests
The soul renew'd, the convert pure ;
His blessing on the faithful rests,
Who trials in his name endure.

' Will daily bread or raiment fail ?'
Distrusting God, does man enquire !
Christ paints "the lilies" of the vale,
How such excel in rich attire ;
Yea, how the birds on treasure feed,
The Father's bounty, He declares ;
"The word" who likens to the seed,
And separates the wheat from tares :
To whom lie spread the darkness dread,
The sinner's guilt and awful doom ;
Describes He—Judge of quick and dead !
What vengeance shall his foes consume.

Not as to man—To God alone
That souls a grateful offering make ;
Christ silences the trumpet's tone,
Lest alms of vanity partake :
Tho' hypocrites deep sorrow feign ;
He wills, with joy illum'd their face
Should shine, when *His* a fast maintain,
Seeking a fresh supply of Grace :
For this, He *closet*-prayer commends,
Nourish'd by tear and contrite sigh ;
Where meek, and still the suppliant bends,
Unseen, save of the' *All-seeing eye*.

Whose sight no mists obscuring blind,
He reads the thoughts that pass within ;
Who knows the hearts of all mankind,
He strives to check the course of sin :
Christ seeks the young desire to train,
And arm against the tempter's lure ;
He would each rising passion chain,
The soul from danger to secure :

In secret lest by malice fed,
Burst forth revenge in flames of fire,
And raging wild destruction spread;
He speaks to quench the sparks of ire.

The Lamb so meek, whom Mercy sends,
Gently to lull the Lion's roar;
Hear how his soothing doctrine tends
To banish strife, and peace restore.
'Dost thou, a sinner, feel the need
To sue for pardon, through his name?
That thy petition may succeed,
Remember thy Redeemer's claim:
Let soft within beam Mercy's ray,
Thy heart to melt toward thy foe,
And love resume its holy sway;
Then low before God's altar bow—
So may thy prayers never fail,
But at the Throne acceptance find!
As did the widow's cries prevail,
And to her cause the judge inclin'd;

So they who in *this* spirit pray,
To heavenly mercy trace the blessed way.

IX.

—Now comes the day, from ancient scorn
That, “Galilee,” thy name redeems;
With splendour “Cana” to adorn,
As o’er her walls “Love’s banner” streams:
Awake the morn with songs of joy,
Such as should happy hearts employ;
And at the gates prepare a train,
To greet the fair bride with a joyful strain.

Or is no minstrel to be found,
To touch the strings, the heart to cheer;
—By minstrel ne’er was wak’d the sound,
Which shall salute the bridegroom’s ear:
For, see, draws nigh a Heavenly Guest,
To join, to bless “the Marriage Feast;”

Who speaks the word with voice benign,
And blessing turns "*the water into wine.*"

While, as the sign tends to reveal
"His glory," whom the Father loves ;
Christ sets the sanction of His seal
To that pure rite, which God approves :
O may no evil spirit rend,
What tokens so divine commend,
That bond of pure connubial bliss,
With which began the joys of Paradise !

For, 'ere arose the human race ;
Jehovah formed an Angel-Pair
For "Eden" meet, that happy place
To them—yet free from sin and care ;
And thus *the solid basis* laid
He, who "the male and female made,"
And in a holy bond of Love
Uniting, bless'd them from above :

Let none this vital union part,
This bond—of love—attaching heart to heart.

X.

—Behold ! toward the Faith inclines,
Deep wrapt in silence, Learning's son ;
Where candour with sound sense combines
A host of witnesses—in *One*.
Yet, why prefers he darkness ? tell ;
Is it to veil a blushing shame ?
My soul, the' ignoble thought repel,
Lest we a spotless motive blame :
But hear that Visitant “ by night,”
—*By night*, the time for grave discourse—
Thus tracing, though with veiled sight,
Christ's mission to its heavenly source ;
' “ Rabbi !” celestial signs attest
Thy Title,' “ Nicodemus” cries ;
' By which, as of God's presence, blest,
We hail thee ! Teacher from the skies.'

But who can solve "the Mystery,"
Which these astounding words contain ?
" He never can the kingdom see,
Except a man be born again :"
Anew the creature must be wrought ;
For heaven demands a goodly seed.
' Whence,' cries the sage ; ' surpassing thought !
Whence can this wondrous birth proceed ?'
How quickening grace comes from above,
Man's fallen nature to renew ;
What Spirit does the waters move,
What blessings from such change ensue ;
No carnal mind may comprehend—
Till souls a spirit new inspire,
To fit them for their latter end,
As " Holiness and Peace" require.

Thus purged are the Master's eyes ;
Lest they with mire the pearls confound,
When shall the brilliant gems arise,
Yet hidden in the treasure-ground :

Then "Jesus," clearing to his view
The secrets of the precious mine,
Conducts him, by a sacred clue,
Where jewels still more latent shine ;
Blest Guide ! who of spontaneous grace
Is mov'd "the Type" to read, and show—
How, to redeem a sinful race,
The blood of Christ shall freely flow ;
How God *that* sacrifice for sin
Endues with virtue, to revive
Souls wounded of the Serpent's sting,
That look to Christ, through Christ to live ;
Believing what His word reveals,
Because His word of truth the Father seals.

XI.

—Whose glory formed the radiant line,
From darkness first the light to part ;
Arise to shine his beams divine,
His Gospel-beams to' illume the heart :

Whose law requires, "on bread alone"
No man for present life depends ;
He gives "the Son" for sin to' atone,
With him the heavenly "Manna" sends ;
Not such as fill'd the Desert-plain,
Whereof to take, to eat—and die ;
But such as might the souls sustain,
Who for this heavenly food apply :
Nor shall the faithful seek in vain,
Who humbly at his altar bend,
New strength, new life, new hope to gain ;
Through "Jesus Christ the sinner's Friend."
While promises so cheering sound,
—Like music from the Holy seat—
Of Mercy which no limits bound ;
Let "the redeemed" His praise repeat :
Again let the redeemed prepare,
The day that prophets longed to see,
With joy to hail—from year to year—
The day of Christ's nativity.

As if "the Son" again were born,
Let joyful strains the heart dilate;
As when first, on that happy morn,
His birth did angels celebrate:
To princes, on their natal-day,
Oft Bards renew their grateful songs;
Why not to *Him* like homage pay,
To whom *eternal praise* belongs?
For they who in that name believe,
Which unto God the soul endears;
" *With Jesus*" pardon shall receive,
And peace—to calm their troubling fears:
For, of his Love, the Son the Father gave,
" Not to condemn," but sinners lost, " *to save.*"

END OF PART I.

THE
SONG OF THE NATIVITY,
OR
A HYMN FOR CHRISTMAS-DAY.*

Sweet sounds the anthem of redeeming love,
By voices sung of Choristers above.

HARK ! Angels sing ; in praise of the Most High,
The heralds of the Prince of Peace proclaim
His Love to man, whose glory fills the sky ;
—Awake, my soul, to praise His holy name !

Lo ! beams of mercy to the earth descend—
Attune the grateful heart to mercy's theme ;
In joyful strains let ransom'd souls contend,
Who most shall magnify this Love supreme :

* See Note at the end.

No tongue can tell—so vast is Heavenly Love—
What bliss “the Son” foregoes for sinful man,
Nor angels may the sacred veil remove ;
How then shall mortals comprehend the plan !

—Hail happy morn, dispel the gloom of night,
Arise, the heavy clouds to chase away ;
On souls in darkness shed thy cheering light,
And introduce with joy our Festal-day :

Auspicious Star, arise ; the new-born King
Reveal, bright guide, unto the heathen land :
—Behold, He comes, of whom the Prophets sing,
The world’s Desire, announcing peace at hand ;

Messias comes, with Mercy’s voice to free
The spirits bound by sin’s enthralling chain ;
His blessed day long waited we to see—
Thanks to the Lord, we waited not in vain.

—See, swains of Judah on the plains recline,
Tending by night their folded flock with care;
When—dazzling rays around of “Glory” shine,
And sounds celestial strike the startling ear:

“Fear not;” the Angel cries; ‘my words convey,
“Good tidings,” and with joy replete;
“To you a Saviour, Christ, is born this day,”
And Bethle’em claims He for his chosen seat.

‘No signs of Majesty that seat disclose,
But by *this token* shall “the Lord” be known;
“*A manger*” forms the place of his repose,
Where lies “the Babe”—the heir to David’s throne.’

While muse “the Shepherds” on the blissful theme,
The Seraph Choir, responsive to the strains,
Draw nigh to glorify the God Supreme,
Whose “peace with good will toward men” remains:
—Let “Glory” to the Lord Most High ascend,
“In mercy rich, without beginning, without end!”

GOSPEL HARMONY.

PART II.

“ Behold upon the mountains the feet of Him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace.”—*Nahum* i. 15.

GOSPEL HARMONY.

DESCRIPTION OF PART II.

In this second part, resuming the subject with a strain in praise of the Gospel, the writer is led to produce and enlarge upon some of the Evidences—external and internal—of the Christian Religion ; such as tend to manifest the authority, and to illustrate the perfect character of the Person of its *Divine* Founder, together with displaying the excellence of its holy doctrines and pure precepts—as attempted herein by him to be described, under these particular heads—viz. I. The Mountain-Vision—II. The Light of Life—III. The Sinner's Guest—IV. The amiable Illustrations—V. The Living Water—VI. The Miraculous Testimony—VII. The Feast of Revenge—VIII. The Oracle of Truth—IX. The Test of Conscience—X. The Generous Defence—XI. The Tender Consideration—XII. The Perfect Character—XIII. The Tears of Commiseration—XIV. The Plea for little Children—XV. The Parting Scene—XVI. The Last Supper.

‘ The silver Trumpet’s heav’nly call
Sounds for the poor, but sounds alike for all.’

COWPER.—*Truth.*

GOSPEL HARMONY.

PART II.

No Treasure, which the mines terrestrial bear,
May with this Gem—this precious Gem—compare.

THE PRAISES OF "THE GOSPEL."

WHEN, to the strain of the celestial choir,
She first aspir'd to tune the sacred lyre ;
Suppliant, my Muse invok'd the Saviour's name,
As for a living spark of holy flame,
The thoughts to kindle of Redeeming Love,
And move with quickening impulse from above.

—But now, ere she resumes the glorious theme,
Mid splendours, from “the mount” that dazzling stream,
Where Christ—in robe clad of refulgent hue—
His friends beholding marvel at the view ;
Soul-stirr’d she feels the Gospel-praise to sing,
—Tho’ faint the tone, as from a trembling string—
And thus the strains of eulogy begin.

What merchant would the precious pearl obtain ;
Let him “*the Gospel*” search, *that pearl* to gain,
Whose lustre issues from the realms of light,
Not in dark caverns form’d remote from sight ;
Resplendent, pure, the heavenly gift defin’d
The rich inheritance of all mankind.
—When, reader, shall impend a gloomy shade,
Or if a troubling doubt thy peace invade ;
The Spirit pray those mental mists to clear,
And seek the Comforter to banish fear.

“ The Gospel” with a grateful heart receive,
The word of Truth, the faithful voice believe ;
Its oracles consult ; and deep explore,
What mines of wealth lie in that sacred store :
Flee for salvation to the “ Sinner’s Friend,”
And let thy reason to *His* doctrine bend,
Whose records, bearing the eternal seal,
Pure signs of wisdom and of love reveal ;
Whose Gospel teaches, how, thy sin to’ atone,
“ The Lamb of God” thy ransom paid *alone*.

—There Christ, “ the Son,” God’s perfect law declares,
“ The Light of life” the way to bliss prepares ;
There Christ, in pity to a sinful race,
Opes wide the healing fountain of his grace :
There Christ, our Peace, His saving arms extends,
As He in glory to His Sire ascends,
The Priest with God to mediate and prevail,
Whose promise to His Church shall never fail ;

While to the soul, with solace from above,
His Spirit seals the covenant of love :
There from the fears, that haunt the guilty mind,
The humble penitent may refuge find,
Who softly to "the Mercy-seat" repairs,
To still the trembling heart with silent prayers :
There is *the Promise* made, to spirits pure
Confirm'd ; on which, as on an anchor sure,
By faith supported, may, with eye serene
The Christian contemplate the closing scene ;
And waft to heaven the' aspiring soul's desire,
On wings of hope that heavenly views inspire.

—Blest doctrine ! Gift of love supreme !
Did Christ reveal to man the glorious theme ?
This sacred trust did martyr-saints bequeath,
Who calmly triumph'd o'er the fear of death ?
What soul (*yet* Mercy chains the lion's rage)
A blessing feels to read the holy page,

By wisdom train'd—his guide from early youth —
In peace to read those oracles of truth?
Such faithful soul, “unto salvation wise,”
His dearest treasure will “the Gospel” prize,
And—of the love, that moves the grateful heart,
Its light will freely spread, and cheering beams impart.

“Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also.”

Matt. vi. 21.

I.

Lo ! prostrate lie the favour'd Three,
In spirit rapt of ecstasy.

With glory bursting from the sky
The Mountain gleams, in lustre streams ;
Too glorious, for the human eye
To bear the splendour of the beams !
Bright as the Sun, with rays divine
Christ's *changing* form and raiment glow ;
And saints, whose robes immortal shine,
Prepare Him for the hour of woe :
Then, while the Prophets disappear,
His chosen Friends—the favour'd Three—
Enter the cloud with “ Jesus ” near,
Yet not from mortal tremor free :

They hear Jehovah thence proclaim
“The Son”—belov’d ere time began—
Proclaim Him Teacher in his name,
Of “Righteousness and Peace” to man :
For from the Heavens a voice sublime,
(Whence came the Son, to testify)
Issues a sign the second time ;
That all might on His word rely :
“*Hear Him*”—Hear, all, the Saviour’s voice.
And let their spirits at the sound rejoice.

II.

—See—Glorious Orb ! Christ spreads the light,
Who in the Father’s bosom lay ;
He, to the Jews involv’d in night,
Opens to us the living way :

Expanding wide His radiant wings,
He thence distils pure drops of dew ;
By which to trace the path, that brings
“The God of mercies” to our view :
What ! does the parent kind receive
“The Prodigal,” who trembling stands ?
“Pris’ner of Hope,” this truth believe,
And lift to Heaven thy drooping hands.

What will avail the rebel’s pride ?
Apostate souls, too proud to yield !
Though ye God’s terrors still deride,
Is *infidelity* a shield ?
His ire incens’d can they endure,
To whom Christ “vengeance shall repay ?”
—Children of wrath ! what can secure
The guilty, in that *awful* day ?
In vain will such to mountains cry,
‘O save us from this flaming fire :’
Before the Throne the mountains fly,
And all the rebel’s hopes expire.

Souls that, toward a fallen foe,
Implor'd, no mercy will extend ;
Let them from this example know,
What judgment such may apprehend :
Let them the righteous sentence hear—
‘ My heart was touch’d by thine appeal,
O servant wicked, and severe,
And yet couldst thou no pity feel ?
Hence—and to suffer torment live,
Till thou the utmost mite shalt pay :’
—Let *this* teach sinners to forgive,
Lest they in vain for mercy pray.

Hear also ye, the warning-sound,
Attach’d that to your idol cleave ;
When riches, as they more abound,
With guile the worldly mind deceive :
But ill succeeds the Mammon-scheme,
To swell the stores of avarice ;
What treasure can the soul redeem,
If lost beyond redemption-price ?

Reflect ! the sentence swiftly flies,
“ This night ” shall God thy spirit claim :
—O think ye, *where* the sufferer lies,
Without a drop—to cool the flame !!

Immortal souls ! does Christ engage
His ransom'd ones, to conquer vice,
And with His foes close war to wage ?
—What means that *heathen* sacrifice !
Let not exulting demons say,
How men to them such altars rear,
With orgies mad from day to day ;
That cause to fall the bitter tear.
But, Christians, pause, and counsel take,
Nor dare a single step advance ;
Retreat, and flee ; those scenes forsake,
And live by rules of “ *Temperance.* ”

In time be wise, for mercy call ;
Arise, wake from the sleep of sin :
Ere death the guilty soul appal,
A new and holy life begin.

“ At my reproof turn, Wisdom cries ;”
‘ My Spirit shall the light impart,
To’ illume the blinded sinner’s eyes,
And grace—to change the stony heart.’
‘ Draw nigh, ye troubled souls, to me ;
I come to end the mortal strife,’
—So speaks “ the Son”—‘ by God’s decree,
I come to give “ eternal life ;”
To sound “ the year of Jubilee,”
The year that closes your captivity.’

III.

—Immur’d in dark and lonely cell,
Who with kind Nature wages strife ;
To whom renews each matin-bell
The penance, of monastic life ;
Is *Christ* his Teacher to condemn
The world, and fly his fellow-men ?
Or is by *Christ* the hermit shown,
How in a cave to die unpitied and alone ?

—Late, fasting in the desert-place,
As round him lay the creatures wild ;
Deep furrow'd was the Saviour's face,
With lines that mark'd Affliction's child :
But now His face benignly shines,
Who not in sullen gloom declines,
Who kindly joins the friendly feast ;
And cheerful looks reveal the happy Guest.

Here is the Holy Minstrel found,
That seeks the festive joy to' improve ;
By blending notes of placid sound,
With tones that grave reflection move :
Here Christ, the soul with pride elate
Restrains—' Take thou, the *lowest* seat,
As candidate,' He cries, ' for fame ;
Nor of thy elders vain precedence claim.'

Do some the juice refine and strain,
Free flowing from the vessel's brim ;
Lest might a single " gnat" remain,
Its taste to spoil, or brightness dim ?

Here Christ, who fails not to descry,
Exposing, notes hypocrisy ;
Which still assumes a saintly vest,
To cover sins foul lurking in the breast.

Here, glancing at the carnal mind,
He reads their folly and their doom ;
Who, to the future prospect blind,
“ Their days in vanity consume :”
Here, strongly pleading for the poor,
He warns the rich *above* to store,
As wise men, treasure 'gainst the day,
When shall from them their riches pass away.

Here drops the doctrine of Free Grace,
Pure from his lips in soothing tone ;
As Christ proceeds the signs to trace,
By which God's children may be known :
—While strains like these the social scene
Improve, and charity maintain ;

While sweet sounds, from the Minstrel's lyre,
A love of goodness thus inspire ;
Who shall the sinner's Guest and Teacher blame,
Though " eating, He the Son, and drinking" came?

IV.

Thus He, who came " the lost to seek,"
The Light of life, his course pursues ;
In vigour to renew the weak,
And cheer the sad with blissful views :
That Mercy-thoughts engage his mind,
That feelings kind his spirit move,
Whose love to man flows unconfin'd ;
" The Parables" of *Jesus* prove :
In vivid colours, that display
The warm emotions of his zeal,
They prove ; for erring souls that stray,
How He does strong compassion feel,

In every nerve, in every vein ;
As o'er the hills the Shepherd wise
Long seeks, till he the lost regain,
And Angels joyful hail the prize.

Or, should a contrite soul draw nigh,
A captive sighing for release ;
Touch'd by the sin-bewailing sigh,
Christ turns to' apply the balm of peace :
The grateful heart shines through its tears,
And pours in praise a cheerful strain ;
Like as the' Aerial Bow appears,
Bright shining amidst falling rain :
Then Charity, for *Jesus*' sake,
Quick kindling spreads the fervent flame ;
While such their holy duty make
Their joy, who know their Saviour's name :
Who feel a pardon'd sinner's love,
Its ardour feel, and impulse strong ;
Of man's salvation from above,
They with the praises swell their song.

—But, *whence* that shrill, that sudden cry
Of deep distress ? What piercing moans !
Left, weltering in his blood, to die,
For help the wounded pilgrim groans :
As listless did the Priest withdraw,
And soon the Levite turn'd aside ;
Yet, though no succour from “ the Law,”
No solace thence can be supplied ;
See ! One the oil reviving pours,
To make the broken spirit whole—
So Christ the hope of life restores,
When sin has pierced through the soul :
He, not with transient look alone,
Draws nigh to close the wounds that bleed ;
The Friend by Mercy-deeds is known,
Who comes to save “ in time of need.”

In Him a kind physician find
The trembling hearts ; that seek to hear,
How may the spirit be resign'd,
Calm to meet death, without a fear :

He may, their Christian faith to try,
With searching flames their souls refine ;
Yet they, who on his truth rely,
Will brighter from that furnace shine.
Proud in their strength the righteous rest,
And so a Saviour's arm despise ;
But souls that feel by sin opprest,
Look for *His* health with longing eyes :
He will the sons of pride abase,
That they may bend and mercy seek ;
Who speaks in language mild to raise
The fallen, and to cheer the meek.
Yea, though no present fame attend
The lowly mind ; that lovely grace
Will unto *Him* the soul commend,
Whose glory fills the Holy place ;
Where prays " the Pharisee " in vain,
Himself exalting to the skies :
But Christ approves " the Publican,"
Who humbly thus for pardon cries,

—Smiting his breast, in sign of woe—
' Thy mercy, God, " *to me a sinner*" show !

V.

—Behold ; rejected of " his own,"
The Saviour is with *aliens* found—
While by the Patriarch's fount, alone,
His limbs to rest, the Son sits down :
A stranger moves toward " the well ;"
He wearied saith, " Give me to drink"—
With whom are waters which excel,
When spirits tire, and fainting sink ;
To quicken them with streams that flow,
Perennial, from the living spring ;
As witness favour'd souls to know
The gift—of heaven's immortal King.

Let, blinded still, sign after sign,
Ere they believe, the Jews demand ;
Samaria's wiser sons incline,
To hear the Truth, and understand :

Nor, like the adder, close their ears,
Impervious to the charmer's voice ;
But, as the clouded prospect clears,
They in the light of Truth rejoice :
While Christ the ground of doctrine states,
Without a sign to seal the word ;
Illumes their mind, and faith creates
In hearts dispos'd to " seek the Lord."

So beams, from mists obscuring free,
That single eye—the light to greet—
Of faith which we in " Mary" see,
With wisdom fed "at Jesus' feet :"
Such faith as Peter's lips explain—
' How shall we, Lord, from Thee recede ?
Whose words " eternal life" contain ;
The Son of God—the Christ indeed :'
Ingenuous faith ! which He esteems
In them who *thus* the word receive ;
When blessed Christ the faithful deems,
Who hear and to the Gospel cleave :

But sinners, blind to what they see,
The darkness love of Infidelity.

VI.

—Now; while “the Son” His arm divine
Extends, God’s presence to reveal;
His “mighty works” that lovely shine,
Set to His truth a glorious seal:
In *whom* the Holy Spirit dwells;
Whence He the true Messiah came;
His word confirm’d distinctly tells,
By “Miracles” that spread His fame:
Let Sceptics trace, with searching eye,
These Mission-tokens from above;
Let them the Christian doctrine try,
By such attesting signs of love.

All virtue in the’ Anointed lies;
(Who preached “the Gospel to the poor”)—
His sacred robe the balm applies,
And many heal’d the Lord adore:

“ Arise,” He cries ; and from the ground
The Cripple springing leaps for joy ;
Quick catch “ *the deaf*” the gladdening sound,
And songs of praise “ *the dumb*” employ :
He meeting soothes the mourning train,
And mercy-tones the’ afflicted cheer ;
As Christ to life recalls again
Her son, to dry the widow’s tear.

Bright, bright, O Rome, thy eagles show,
Thy banners proud in triumph wave ;
Yet may thy arms no help bestow,
One soul to rescue from the grave :
Deep by this solemn truth imprest,
With Christ yon Captain humbly pleads ;
For awe divine has fill’d his breast,
As for a friend who intercedes :
He asks *one word* ; he needs no more,
Assur’d—Christ’s words with blessing fly ;
And, that *such* faith can health restore,
Heal’d, shall “ his servant ” testify.

“ O, Son of David,” pity me !
Well may both Jews and Gentiles say,
That soon prevails this tender plea,
With plaintive tones His foot to stay :
From far—remote, as deem’d impure—
The Lepers *thus* their voices raise ;
The “ *Ten*” are cleans’d ; but, for the cure,
From only *one* ascends the praise :
For why ? *The faith* to cleanse the heart,
“ This” grateful “ Stranger” feels alone—
Though God to all His gifts impart,
Do all the heavenly Giver own ?

Of sympathy, touch’d by the cry,
‘ O Lord ! to me restore my sight,’
A ray descending meets the eye :
And out of darkness shines the light :
Hence joyful sound the Saviour’s feet,
Those steps which charities attend ;
Where’er He goes, heart-blessings greet
“ The sinner’s Guest and sinner’s Friend :”

Christ listens to their strong appeal,
As round the sick on couches lie :
His bowels kind compassion feel,
As for relief the sufferers sigh.

High swells the spirit of the deep,
And tempest-waves the vessel fill ;
He calmly wakes from placid sleep,
And bids the raging sea—" Be still :"
Hush'd into silence, every wind
And wave his peaceful voice obey ;
Whom Love inclin'd to save mankind,
All creatures own His sovereign sway :
As Lord of life—Him thousands bless,
Both heal'd and of His goodness fed ;
As Lord—the devils Him confess,
Whose voice reanimates the dead.

One sign, which far excels the rest,
This truth from every doubt to clear ;
Ye, sisters blest, will soon attest,
Who lately wept behind the bier :

'Tis your's to hear that mighty call,
Which reaches to the gate of death;
'Tis yours to see that sign for all,
Which cheering thus confirms your faith :
While " Lazarus," *new-risen*, hails
His Lord belov'd, and strong to save :
Bless you the power which prevails,
To call your brother from the grave.

—Stupendous proofs ! that cannot lie—
Who can such signs attesting view ;
And yet the Saviour's claims deny,
Stamp'd with His signet who is true ?
Unlike the shadows of a dream ;
—As grateful senses still declare—
Such " Miracles " of Love supreme
With strength combin'd, the impress bear :
Deeds—which the lines of Mercy trace,
—Pure tokens of " the Christ " defin'd.—
Such verify the work of Grace,
Oppos'd to Satan's will and mind :

Deeds—not of darkness, but of light—
Such evidence who disbelieve;
They charge the Lord of truth and might,
With working wonders—to *deceive*:
But is God man, that *He* should lie;
Who sets His seal, *the Truth* to testify?

VII.

Far as these Signs of glory spread,
They wide diffuse the Saviour's fame—
Then, "John is risen from the dead,"
Cries "Herod," trembling at the name:
Why did the Prince God's Prophet slay?
Will *this* one guilty pang allay?
One moment make the knell to cease
From sounding—"To the wicked is no peace?"

“Repent,” His voice was wont to cry ;
—Who, sent Christ’s Advent to proclaim,
Of darkness did the deeds espy,
Ye sinners, and reveal your shame :—
Deep-smitten by the Baptist’s word,
Incens’d, “Herodias” sought the sword
To bathe in blood, to’ appease her ire,
And quench the flame of that consuming fire.

What passion ? in a female breast,
To every tender feeling dead !
What spirit mov’d *this* dire request ?
“One thing I ask—*The Baptist’s head*”—
Revenge ; on which a feast to make :
While, “Herod,” for thy promise’ sake,
The Holy Man of God is slain ;
—To reprehend no more thy wicked reign.

Now cease “the dance,” the banquet close,
As strains of music die away ;
Then seek—if thou canst find repose,
Who *thus* hast kept thy natal day :

But—what a vision waits the night !
—“ *The charger*” reeking in thy sight.—
How will thy conscience quake with fear,
When sounds like these appalling strike thy ear ;

‘ Know, that “ the Crown,” to faith reveal’d,
His temples shall with rays adorn ;
Who thus his righteous Mission seal’d,
For which *God’s Prophet* He was born :
But, Monster ! fill, thy measure fill,
More saints to bind, more blood to spill ;
Run, Tyrant, run thy course of crime,
Till come *thy* heaven-appointed time—
* *The day of vengeance* ; which shall prove,
That just is God, tho’ slow God’s judgments move.’

* *Vid.* The Note annexed at the end of the Poem.

VIII.

But, needing now no glorious sign,
His claims to fix on holy ground ;
Trace we the characters divine,
Of wisdom, that in Christ abound :
Whose doctrines, throughout every page,
In reason and in love excel ;
Whose Gospel-charms the mind engage,
On Grace and heavenly Truth to dwell.

Sweet is the balm to solace woe,
They from His Promises derive ;
That study and improve, to know
What “ Jesus ” taught, like Him to live :
“ Not on the sand ; but on a rock ”
Deep-founded, rests their Faith secure ;
It still sustains each hostile shock,
And shall the storms of life endure.

Ye skill'd in works of high esteem,
Select the prime, cull'd from the store ;
Far, far excels the Christian theme
The brightest gems—of *classic* lore :
Howe'er admir'd, can such provide
The good that souls immortal need ?
Or lead they souls to Mercy's side,
To still their rage, 'ere foemen bleed ?

This virtue how shall we define,
Which soft'ning melts the heart of stone ?
What know we of its power benign,
Learn we from "Jesus Christ" *alone* :
Whence is its source—declares its name,
"The Gift that cometh from above ;"
Pure "*Charity*," which lights the flame,
And freely flow the streams of love.

Let Learning, cloth'd with meekness bend,
To speak "to men in low estate ;"
The language, of "the sinner's Friend,"
Is clear from mists of vain debate :

He counsel mild addresses home,
The Minister of "Grace and Truth,"
From Mercy's lips, from Mercy's dome,
The mourning souls to heal and sooth.

He, mov'd for them who toil below,
As sighing heaves the troubled breast;
Inviting seeks the place to show,
Where such may "from their burdens" rest:
Blest Teacher! can those spirits say,
Who unto Him their grief reveal;
Who know and who His laws obey,
And love for their Redeemer feel.

Here is the Oracle divine,
No league with 'pious fraud' to make;
Whence, not as from the heathen shrine,
Is heard the voice of *Truth* to speak:
Sincerity attests His claim;
Whose soul, too pure for such disguise,
Nor present lure, nor present fame,
Proposes for the Christian prize.

His Spirit seeks not to conceal
The trials, of His Holy Word ;
But speaks of martyrs, doom'd to seal
With blood the doctrine of the Lord :
In soul devoted unto death,
That they resign each object dear ;
' *Sworn liegemen*' of the cause of Faith,
That they, as builders wise, prepare
To mark the plan, to count the price,
And bring to God a willing sacrifice.

IX.

In peaceful garb, before his feet
As lowly bend war-plotting foes ;
See ! " Jesus " darts a glance, to meet
Their question, and their guile expose :
Shall we the culprit stone ?—or spare ?
The subtil hypocrites demand ;
Who, then, He asks, from sin is clear ?
Let him raise *first* the' avenging hand :

How soon is chang'd their fiery tone?
A wonder works that searching call;
For who can cast the fatal stone,
By Conscience check'd, the Judge of all?
Then trembling, young and old retreat,
With leaving Christ to close the scene:
His words—as from “the Mercy-seat”—
Inspire the hope of life again:
For, ere she pardon can implore,
“Go, woman,” spar'd, he cries, “and sin no more.”

X.

When He the Twelve accused shields,
How quickly melts the charge away!
The charge—of plucking from the fields
A few ears, “on the Sabbath-day”—
‘Did not “the shew-bread” David take,
What time he fainting, with his men,
Requir'd that meat for mercy's sake?
Why, then, “the guiltless” now condemn?’

Thus—they in perils to defend,
Christ stirs, the Champion for his flock ;
While sore with them the Scribes contend,
Alone He stands to bear the shock :
As, when her nest some spoiler's hands
Attempt to' invade, the eagle flies ;
And o'er her young her wings expands,
Beneath to still their startling cries :
So "Jesus" from the lion's power
Rescues his lambs, lest he their souls devour.

XI.

Such tender tokens ! they endear
To grateful souls His lenient sway ;
Such acts benign His brethren cheer,
As Christ to them directs the way :
He, freely prompted of his love,
Bids "the Disciples" *first* depart ;
—Whilst He the people shall remove—
And so approves his feeling heart :

He sees them toiling on the main,
As adverse winds their spirit tire ;
Then lifts his hands, new strength to gain
For them, still pleading with his Sire :
His love to them will never fail,
Who thus to Heaven " His own " commends ;
His love will " to the end " prevail,
Who calls by name His chosen friends,
Toward them walking on the waves ;
And, with extended arm, *the sinking* saves.

XII.

—While to *themselves*, in Pagan strains,
Vain authors kindle incense-flame ;
Christ from such vanity refrains,
And only seeks *His Father's* fame :
This testifies—" The Lord is true ;"
Where graces pure, serene, and bright,
Like radiant gems of varying hue,
All in one perfect soul unite :

Pure graces which attractive shine ;
By beams of light divine to trace,
What goodness, love, and truth combine,
To shed a glory on His face.
He preaches *Patience* to the world,
In hope it may its peace secure ;
He bears the Emblem-Cross unfurl'd,
As sent to suffer and endure—
From sinners' hands to suffer pain :
Who, to their shame, convicted feel,
And of the faithful lips complain,
When they the piercing truth reveal :
Hence deadly shafts of malice fly ;
Yet *this* from "Jesus" only draws
The mild reproof, the calm reply—
" They hated me *without a cause*."
But Piety, the brightest grace,
Adorning decks the Saviour's brow ;
Who takes—"the Son"—the lowest place,
And loves before the Throne to bow :

While on Devotion's wings ascends
His soul, beyond the views of time;
The night who often praying spends,
In spirit rapt with thoughts sublime;
Who teaches, how God's Name to bless,
In words that stir the grateful mind;
And how "The Father" to address,
In language meet for all mankind.
His words a filial trust inspire,
With love to' enlarge the human heart;
"To save the world" His sole desire,
Whose love embraces every part:
Some ask of their rejected Friend,
From Heaven to call down flames of fire;
Because Samaria's sons offend,
And thus provoke their zealous ire:
But, ere break forth consuming flames,
Christ seeks their anger to appease;
And quick, to quench its sparks, exclaims—
' Let this unholy conflict cease:

Your passion quell, subdue your rage,
And, Friends, the path of peace pursue ;
Though foes still war destructive wage,
I come for men *life* to renew :'
So—clos'd the' appeal of rage and pride—
The spirits calm'd obey their peaceful Guide.

XIII.

He does the mountain-path decline,
Where sinners impure incense burn ;
Because to *Zion's* hallow'd shrine,
The Saviour's face and spirit turn :
When lo ! her Temple' spires arise ;
And at the sight, heart-piercing sighs
Deep burst from His afflicted breast,
Whose thoughts on *Zion's* fate intensely rest.

How Christ can "weep with them that weep,"
And pity to their sufferings show,
That sow in tears—in hope to reap—
Attest those tender signs of woe :

For now beholds the Prophet's eye,
Quick all its horrors to descry ;
What armies shall the place surround,
Till " Zion's ports " be levell'd to the ground.

He sees—O day of vengeance dire !
As young men perish round the wall,
The widows in the flames expire,
Or victims pale by Famine fall ;
While terrors fill all Judah's plains,
As from the sword, or captive chains,
With lovely babes her daughters fly ;
—Nor can He paint "*the siege*" without a sigh.

Hence, when " Jerusalem " appears,
—As winds the train, mournful and slow,
Down by the grove, deprest with fears—
Hence flow Christ's tears, foreboding flow ;
For strong affection " Jesus " moves
Toward His country, which he loves :
So for a parent feels the child,
Whose heart illusions vain have not beguiled.

This tribute paid : o'er vestments spread,
He seated on "the colt" descends ;
And views serene the triumph-scene,
Encircled by rejoicing friends :
While, as His ears their praises greet,
The children Christ glad cheering meet ;
Who comes an altar pure to rear,
And will His house from sin's defilement clear.

He enters ; and, the light renew'd,
Each lamp reflects a brighter ray :
So souls improve with grace endued,
That for His grace "believing" pray :
Not they who to the form adhere,
Without one glowing spark of zeal ;
But souls that unto God draw near,
And fervent in devotion feel ;
Who both the spirit and the form revere,
And *kneel* as suppliants in "the House of *Prayer*."

XIV.

—Let Princes, wise in peace to reign,
For mercy in the' Almighty trust;
And, with a loud Hosanna-strain,
Adore "the lowly and the Just:"
O! may their *righteous* counsels tend,
To lead to God *the rising race*;
And to them faithful teachers send,
To' imbue the mind with early grace:
So shall ascend their morning prayer
For Princes, and a blessing claim
Of Him; who makes His sacred care
"These little ones" that love his Name:
Christ folds them in his kind embrace,
That in his Praise take sweet delight;
"Their Angels" see his Father's face,
And still rejoice they in His sight:
Who then to bliss seek to attain;
In heart renew'd, and without guile,
Let them from every sin refrain;
That such may, with the joyful smile

Of infants pure, an anthem raise,
And sing—*like children*—their Redeemer's praise.

XV.

—While "Jesus" o'er the treasury bends,
Is silent on the altar laid
A widow's mite; which He commends,
The best of all the offerings made :
Tho' she did seek, from human eyes,
Her grateful tribute to conceal;
Yet soon the Lord her gift espies,
And stamps thereon His heavenly seal :
They little give whose bounty flows,
Like sands still streaming from the mine ;
Whereas she, in that mite, bestows
The *richest* gem to' adorn the shrine—
"The Temple" which they so admire,
Whose children will the day behold,
In which its glory shall expire ;
The awful day by Christ foretold :

His Spirit hears the Pagan cry,
‘ O’erturn, and down with Zion’s fane,’
—Mid signs of vengeance from the sky—
‘ Nor let a single stone remain ;’
As, glancing at the summer near,
He leads them with the tender spray,
And buds in blossom, to compare
The tokens of the’ approaching day :
When, see, with faith and love replete,
Pours “ Mary ” on her Master’s head
Rich perfumes, and anoints His feet ;
Whence odours sweet exhaling spread—
In sinful waste by “ Judas ” deem’d ;
With those that blindly disapprove,
What by her Saviour is esteem’d,
An office pure of sainted love :
“ Why trouble ? Why this woman blame ? ”
He cries ; ‘ her kindness to requite,
The Gospel shall extend her fame,
Who thus supplies my burial-rite.’

But, ere the Lord his mission close ;
With doctrine soothing He prepares,
To comfort whom his Spirit chose
His friends, disciples, and His heirs :
Affection breathes the last Adieu !
Hence issues a consoling strain,
And opens prospects to their view,
By which to cheer the parting scene—
‘ O, let not grief “your heart” depress,
‘ If “ Jesus” quit this vale of tears ;
‘ As I, my friends, “ the truth ” confess,
‘ My Promise should dispel your fears :
‘ O, let not grief “your heart” depress,
‘ That is “ the Son ” for sinners slain ;
‘ “ My life ” to give I power possess,
‘ And claim that life to take again :
‘ O, let not grief “ your heart ” depress :
‘ Tho’ henceforth from “ the world ” remov’d,
‘ Soon shall your souls Christ present bless,
‘ And joy restore to His belov’d :

‘ No more, He said, “ your heart ” distress ;
‘ For when your Saviour’s trials end,
‘ He then returns to happiness—
‘ To you “ the Comforter ” to send ;
‘ When shall inspire His brethren joy,
‘ A joy of heart, which nothing can destroy.’

XVI.

‘ I now my Peace to you bequeath,
‘ With whom to eat my soul desires,
—‘ Ere on the Cross I cease to breathe—
‘ The Paschal Lamb the Law requires ;
‘ Lest Death “ the first-born ” should devour :’
Thus “ Jesus ”—our Anointed Priest ;
Who, mindful of the’ appointed hour,
Devoutly keeps the Hebrew Feast :
When, to fulfil the type divine,
He, with a blessing from above,
Next consecrates “ the Bread and Wine,”
Pure tokens of His dying love !

That of *this Feast* "His friends" partake,
Is Christ's desire—is Christ's decree ;
O keep it ! for his Passion's sake,
Who said, " This do—Remember me :"
Is *such* the Saviour's *last request* ?
By that pure Blood of Sacrifice,
Free flowing from His wounded breast,
The Saviour pleads, His Spirit cries—
' Let *this* the grateful feelings move,
' And unto Christ the' affections lead ;
' That they may at His altar prove,
' *How* sinners Christ's Atonement need :
' As ye through " Jesus" hope to trace,
' And keep the path to heavenly rest :
' Now, Brethren, is the Day of Grace,
' Fulfil your Saviour's *last request* :
' That, when shall come the mortal strife ;
' For mercy to Eternal Life,
' He may to God thy soul commend ;
' Christian, fulfil the wish of Him *thy dying Friend*.'

A SONG OF THANKSGIVING

AFTER THE FEAST OF THE CHRISTIAN PASSOVER.

“ And when they had sung *an Hymn*, they went out into the Mount of Olives.”—*St. Matt.* xxvii. 30.

“ Arise, ye Saints, with Angels sing,
To glorify the Father's name ;
Blest souls, a cheerful tribute bring,
And let your song *His Love* proclaim.”
‘ *Hosanna* to the King that reigns on high,
The King of Kings, whose glory fills the sky ;
Let all adore His Majesty.’

“ Bow, creatures, bow before His Throne,
From whom ye all derive your breath ;
By His Eternal Word alone,
The laws are rul'd of life and death.”

‘ As prais’d above, praise we the Lord below ;
From day to day renew’d, His mercies flow,
To whom we every blessing owe.’

“ Bright rays, with which its Doctrines beam,
Attest the Gospel from above ;
Glory to God, whose seal supreme
Describes the signs of peace and love”—
‘ And to “*the Son*” a grateful Anthem raise,
By whom the Sire those heavenly signs displays ;
As worthy of our highest praise :

Who feeds us with the “ Bread of Life ;”
By pity mov’d the lost to save,
He suffers in the mortal strife,
Whom of his love the Father gave’—
“ Let silent all the Mystery adore ;
While streams, for sin, pure from the Altar pour :”
‘ Blessed be God for evermore.’
“ Amen. Alleluia. Amen.”’

GOSPEL HARMONY.

PART III.

“ They have not known nor understood : for He hath shut their eyes,
that they cannot see ; and their hearts, that they cannot understand.”

Isaiah xlv. 18.

GOSPEL HARMONY.

DESCRIPTION OF PART III.

This, the Third Part of the Poem, introduced by a Scripture-appeal to *the Jews*, is more immediately occupied with the Truth and the Blessedness of the Great Work of *Human Redemption*; embracing the solemn scene of *the Cross*, and the glorious Event of our Lord's Resurrection: as it will more clearly appear from the title of each subject briefly depicted herein:—viz. I. The Great Mystery—II. The need of a Vicarious Atonement—III. The Gracious Intercession—IV. The Unknown Agony—V. The False Accusers—VI. The Innocent Victim—VII. The Piercing of the Sword—VIII. The Terrors of Guilt—IX.—The Passion Scene—X. The Awful Signs—XI. The Call to Lamentation—XII. The Meditation on *the Cross*—XIII. The Sinner's Prayer—XIV. The Pastoral Visit—XV. The Warning Knell—XVI. The Weeping Train—XVII. The Anti-Christian Rejoicing—XVIII. The Cheering Reminiscence—XIX. The Resurrection of Christ.

————— ‘Consecrate to Faith
In Him who bled for man upon the Cross.’

The Pastor—Wordsworth's Excursion.

GOSPEL HARMONY.

PART III.

O! When from mists obscuring, shall the Light
Of Heavenly Wisdom purge the blinded sight?

THE SCRIPTURE APPEAL.

AT FIRST—Of *Him* who fills Jehovah's seat,
—Till on His foes He rests the Victor's feet—
As Lord supreme, though by infernal rage
Impell'd, the heathen long vain battle wage;
Of Him who suffer'd, sinners to redeem,
Implor'd my muse a blessing on the Theme.
—Ere she again the joyful strain resum'd,
Or turn'd to view the Mountain-top illum'd,

Where chang'd, in glory shines Christ's mortal frame ;
She paus'd—*the Gospel* praises to proclaim,
Whence shall the soul that seeks, a treasure gain,
A brighter Gem than earthly mines contain.
—But *now*, she to that heaven-dispersed race,
Yet strangers to the spreading call of Grace,
“ *The Jews* :” for whose dark state believers feel,
To them she would direct *this Truth-Appeal*.
—Let none whose hope on “ Jesus Christ ” relies,
“ The Jews,” their features, or their cause despise ;
For though they fell, they fell—*again to rise*.

‘ Ye souls ! beloved for the Fathers’ sake,
Ye, whose rejected mercies *aliens* take ;
Now Truth a channel opens with each ray,
To pour on heathen lands the flood of day ;
Why still remain ye in the shades of night,
When nations round enjoy increasing light ?
Now, as the spirit-stirring banner flies,
And sons—from East to West—of freedom rise ;

While *Greece* at length her liberty regains,
Why still must "Israel" drag the captive chains?
Your fetters can "the Mighty One" remove,
Who seeks to bind you with the cords of love;
Who kindly waits *His brethren* to receive,
If in *His Name* His brethren will believe?

"Ye, from whose 'Branch' salvation first arose,
No more the counsel of your peace oppose;
But, as the' illuming beams of light descend,
Let grace divine the veil of darkness rend,
Unloose the seals, and candid minds engage
In search of truth within the sacred page.
Behold the glory of the Christian Creed!
'Behold! "Immanuel" in the promis'd Seed;
And trace His birth from your illustrious King,
Whose strains sublime of *such* a conquest sing,
As shall Immortal life to man restore,
By David's Heir revived—to die no more.'

—‘Ye that God’s ancient oracles revere ;
Read, mark, with them the Gospel-plan compare :
And may the Spirit, pure unerring Guide,
Remove the mists of prejudice and pride.
No longer deem the object of your scorn,
“The Son of God”—though of a woman born ;
But to the angels and their song attend,
As they to earth with joyous tidings bend :
Observe “the Star,” its heavenly course pursue,
Till “Beth’em” opens clearly to your view ;
There pause to note inscrib’d on God’s decree,
The’ appointed place of Christ’s nativity.’
‘Ye souls ! from whom Salvation first arose ;
Why thus your gifted seers’ words oppose ?
“The scriptures search,” the faithful records try :—
What signs the prophets to “the Christ” apply,
Do not these signs throughout, “unto the end,”
As with a sun-beam trace the Sinner’s Friend ;
In whom, unfolding God’s eternal will
Such tokens meet, *the Scriptures to fulfil?*

—Watch the dark “traitor” plotting with the scribes,
And count the “price of blood”—accursed bribes !
See how, the Shepherd smitten, quickly fly
The sheep dispers’d by terror’s startling cry ;
Behold the Lamb of spotless innocence,
Thrice, by His judge, absolv’d of all offence ;
By *lots* disposed His vesture, as foretold,
Christ’s pierced hands, Christ’s pierced feet behold ;
See, wounded unto death, the Man of woe
That potion take, *embitter’d* by the foe !
Which tasted, He to God commends His soul ;
And round the Cross the clouds dispersing roll.’

‘ Behold, and view the bleeding sacrifice ;
Then, on the altar as the victim lies,
Reflect—Did not Jehovah thus ordain
“That Christ should suffer,” to remove the stain
Of guilt ? for could for sin “slain beasts” atone ?
What saith the law ?—Not by their blood alone.

Why did the priest before the Mercy-seat,
And *by himself*, the sacrifice repeat?
Could sprinkling *such* from sin the conscience clear,
Of “worshippers” deterr’d from drawing near? *
Not so—Those rites were shadows to remain;
Till He “the Lamb,” erst in a figure slain,
Should on the altar of their peace expire
For sinners, and appease God’s righteous ire :
While, lest, inscrib’d in characters of flame,
The law against them might just vengeance claim ;
“His life for many” Christ a ransom gave,
Who died, and rose—“the first fruits”—from the grave.’

‘ Long since has Judah’s Monarch ceased to reign,
Long in the dust of death and darkness lain ;
But “Jesus,” soon reviv’d by Power supreme,
Lives still, of mercy to complete the scheme.
Did God “a Covenant with David” make ;
Know, his seed *first* were, for the Patriarch’s sake,

* Heb. ix. 7, 8, 9.

Bless'd with these tidings—that from *Zion* spread—

‘ “ The Prince of Life is risen from the dead,

A Man of God by miracles approv'd,

The first-born of the dead ;” the Son lov'd.’

What spirits did the holy impulse feel,

First on this truth to fix the Martyr-seal ?

Know ye ; *your brethren* form'd the Christian band ;

Undaunted warriors ! in the breach to stand ;

Who bare Christ's banner thro' both flame and flood,

Their love to Christ attesting by their blood.’

—Yes—to “ *the Jews*” was first the Lord reveal'd ;

Yes—by “ *the Jews*” was first Christ's doctrine seal'd :

For *this* we venerate the Hebrew race :

O were the veil removed from their face ;

And that converted they might *Him* receive,

To whom shall all the House of Israel cleave !

Nor may we deem salvation's joy complete,

Till Christians shall the Jews as brethren greet ;

Till Jacob's sons unite with them to pray,
“ *One Lord, one Faith, one God ;*” *one Sabbath-Day ;*
Till in Christ's name both shall *one* altar raise,
Redeeming Love the anthem of their *common* praise.

“ For if the casting away of them be the reconciling of the world,
what shall the receiving of them be, but life from the dead ?”

Romans, xi. 15.

I.

Can we the wonders trace ; or scan
The height and depth, of Wisdom's plan ?

Who may presume to rend the veil,
Of the stupendous Mercy-scheme ?
Or disclose what its depths conceal ?
—Revere, my soul, the holy theme :
This scheme ; this mystery profound
To fathom, fails the' angelic line ;
Shall mortal, vain, attempt to sound
The' Abyss ?—Though rich the secret mine ;
Seek not too deep the spring to trace,
Whence golden streams in plenty pour :
Christ opes the treasures of *free grace* ;
This claims our faith—we need no more :
So Nature's laws in silence move,
And *latent* check the' inquiring mind ;
Yet *all* God's wondrous works approve,
As for each creature's good design'd :

—*Now thro' the shade we darkly see ;*
Wait—till *the Light* shall clear the Mystery.

II.

When sin aloud for vengeance cries,
Some victim must for sin atone,
Or without hope the guilty dies ;
So claims “the Just and Holy One :”
His law requires—its shadows show—
A *spotless* Lamb, of peace the price ;
Whose blood shall from the altar flow,
With all due rites of sacrifice :
“The Son,” to close the righteous strife,
Pure, undefil'd, without a stain,
For man lays freely down His life ;
And will o'er death the conquest gain.

In vision, God to saints foretold
All things that "Jesus" should fulfil ;
He did, from time to time, unfold
The secret counsel of His Will :
Inspir'd ; of Him the prophets sing,
Who cradled "in a manger" lay ;
The true Messiah, Priest and King,
To whom the sages homage pay :
He came, of men in no repute,
The Virgin's seed, the promis'd Heir ;
"The righteous Branch" of David's Root,
"The Christ"—from guilt the soul to clear.

Before the Light the darkness flies ;
And see the altar of the Lord,
How, as *there* bound man's Ransom lies,
The signs concur, and types accord :
The Jubilee and Paschal feast,
The rites the first-born to redeem,
The blood-stain'd robe, and holy Priest ;
Form figures of the Gospel scheme :

In sprinkling of "the Mercy-seat,"
Christ was to seeing eyes made known;
Who sin for all should expiate,
By one great Sacrifice alone.

These signs did Jacob's sons compare;
They would no more reject the claim,
But in the faith of Christ draw near,
With us to' invoke the *Saviour's* name:
The Shepherd *one*, and *one* the flock;
Sweet harmony and love succeed:
Take up, remove the stumbling-block,
And still for Zion's exiles plead—
' Lord ! to the Fold thy wand'ring sheep
' Restore, by Him the heavenly Guide,
' That led His people through the deep ;
' While glory shone on every side :
' Pour, Lord ! pour on the scatter'd race,
' For whom Thou mercy hast in store,
' Illuming beams of light and grace ;
' —So shall *the Jews* their King adore,

‘ And at *thy* throne with Christians bend,
‘ Thou Hope of Israel, and the Gentiles’ Friend !’

III.

—Ere doom’d, to suffer “once for all,”
Whose sin that ransom-price demands ;
—A world redeeming from the fall—
Lo ! “Jesus” wide His arms expands :
As Advocate, He intercedes
With God for mercy to mankind ;
For them in tender pity pleads,
For whom He is to death resign’d :
A blessing asks He of his Sire,
For them that shall the Truth approve ;
And live, as faith and hope require
The heirs of everlasting Love ;

For blissful realms, where joys resound,
And harmony eternal reigns;
Where scenes of amity abound,
And love inspires the seraph-strains:
Sweet concord! such as "Jesus" prays,
May on the' elect of God descend;
Pure Love! which kindling strife allays,
Lest feuds Christ's holy vesture rend:
May union bless the sacred fane;
There fix the Dove her peaceful rest,
With them who "*Charity*" maintain,
That perfect bond—that Christian test;
Who by their love express their zeal,
And *thus* their Saviour to the world reveal!

IV.

—But now draws nigh the solemn hour,
The hour of "Agony" unknown!
See, drops like blood Christ's temples pour,
Whose heart is flesh, and not a stone;

To whom, the sign of wrath appears,
Wrestling with more than mortal fears ;
He of His chosen grieves to find,
Not one retains the *watch-word* in his mind.

While there the guard reposing lie,
And darkness fills the silent grove ;
Deep from its shades ascends the cry—
“ Father ! from me *this cup* remove :”
Yet, though at first Christ’s spirit fails,
Soon Love to close the strife prevails ;
He takes the cup—‘ Not mine be done,
But *thy* will, Father,’ cries the blessed Son.

So past the conflict, “ Jesus” stands
Firm, fix’d, and faithful to his trust ;
While round Him close the traitor’s bands,
That shall be humbled in the dust,
Ere is by them the Saviour bound ;
Whose words divine, of awful sound,

Each hand arrest, each soul appal;
From which those bands recoil, and trembling fall.

Again they rise—the flaming *sword*
Waves, “Peter’s” valour to display;
Which Christ sheathes quickly with a word,
And is their captive led away:
The’ Anointed taken; none remains:
For in this contest, God ordains
“The Son” *alone* to shed His blood;
Therefore flee all before the torrent flood:
For of *the World*, who shall the sin atone,
He is to tread the Vintage-press *alone*.

V.

It speaks of Heaven, that Spirit meek;
With which He hears, how impious foes,
As *such* his death dark-plotting seek,
Their malice and their guile expose:

When, thrice His holy Name denied,
With aspect mild He turns aside ;
And casts upon His fallen friend
A look, that shall his heart with sorrow rend.

Who may convict the Lord of sin ?
So pure, so bright His searching eye !
“ False witnesses,” condemn’d within,
Swift from its glance of lightning fly :
He, with that shield of Innocence,
“ A conscience void of all offence ;”
Betraying neither fear nor shame,
Repels the darts, which subtle demons aim.

Let *lying* lips their charge refute,
‘ That Christ the Temple will destroy :’
In sight of His accusers mute,
—For holier thoughts His mind employ—
Mock’d, smitten, He his soul refrains ;
His tongue He with a bridle chains,

In patience like a victim led,
And still remains as silent as the dead :

—Save, when “God’s Priest” adjuring speaks ;
“The Truth” invok’d to testify,
With voice divine Christ silence breaks,
Like thunder rolling in the sky :
Then chang’d, His face with glory shines,
As He describes the radiant signs ;
Dread tokens of the Advent nigh,
Of Him “the Son” enthron’d in Majesty—
‘No more’—“the Council” terrified reply,
‘For *this*, blasphemer, he deserves to die.’

VI.

With marks of zeal to’impress the deed,
Their laws, they cry, his blood require ;
And so their secret plots succeed,
Who leagued with Hell ’gainst Christ conspire :

O ! might an angel here arise,
To pierce the hypocrite's disguise
With Light, as with " Ithuriel's" spear ;
So pierc'd, what hideous monsters would appear !

Impell'd by them the people roar,
And rage, their King to crucify ;
Whose blinded souls on them implore,
And on their seed, " His blood" to lie :
While to the storm will " Pilate" bend,
That durst no more " the Just" defend ;
Yet, though he trembling yields to fear,
Still to His Judge Christ's *innocence* is clear.

This Victim let the Priests behold ;
It can their trying search endure,
Who cull for offerings, from the fold
The prime, as for the Altar pure :
Let such each line and feature trace ;
This Lamb, rear'd in the Holy Place,

Without 'a spot, or speck of vice,
Is meet to make *a perfect Sacrifice*.

Let *this* alone the cause explain,
Why unchecked'd rise those bloody cries ;
Lest wrath on all mankind remain,
'The righteous for the' unrighteous dies :'
—Nor let, on soaring wing, elate
My muse attempt to penetrate
That path, beyond the eagle's ken,
Remote from sight of angels and of men :
Where clouds of mystery such things conceal,
As may not e'en the sons of God reveal.

VII.

—How oft has Mary's tender breast,
Been with maternal feelings torn ;
For Him who had no place of rest,
Since in her arms the child was borne !

But, Virgin ! How with tremulous breath,
‘ Thy Son—first by the traitor sold—
Thy Son is doom’d to suffer death ;
How shall this dreaded truth be told ?

She “forty days” ceas’d not to moan
For Him the lost—‘ the Eremite ;’
Against whose life the’ uplifted stone,
Oft did a mother’s fears excite :
But now from thee to separate,
To suffer, “ Mary,” on the Cross ;
How wilt thou hear his awful fate,
Or how sustain thy bitter loss !

For such, thy spirit to prepare ;
When “ Simeon” glanced at the sword,
The Seër, with prophetic care,
Spake to thy soul the piercing word :
This was of Heaven the fixt decree,
“ Against my Fellow, sword, awake ;
“ The Shepherd smite ;” the flock shall flee,
And all the *smitten* One forsake.

God, who inflicts, will heal the wound
Of poignant grief that rends thy heart ;
Blest Virgin ! yet may balm be found
“ In Gilead,” solace to impart :
Nor was the sign describ’d in vain—
“ Hereby shall many fall, and rise again.”

VIII.

—‘ Curse ! Curse the day when I was born !’
Whence issues that appalling cry ?
‘ His blood—Apostate, lost, forlorn—
‘ Against me cries to God Most High ;
‘ His righteous blood which I betray’d !
‘ Hear, Elders ; and attest, ye Scribes,
‘ What heavy guilt on me is laid !’
Then down he casts the’ accursed bribes ;

“Perdition’s Son!” and flees away.
—How bitter, Conscience, is thy sting!
For mercy left no power to pray;
Is there no pardon for his sin?
O terrors dire, dark with despair!
As if within was kindled Hell—
Who can those flames of vengeance bear?
Who with eternal torments dwell?
—Pause, fools! “that labour in the fire,”
Your peace for “Mammon” to destroy,
Who grasp the world with vain desire;
What can a guilty soul enjoy?
Think ye; when flames his soul consume,
Can *riches* then avert the sinner’s doom?

IX.

—The wicked Traitor is no more:
“The cock has crow’d,” kind warning sound;
And “Peter,” moved to deplore
His fall, lies weeping on the ground:

In vain has "Pilate" cleans'd his hands,
Ere he the fatal sentence sign—
When lo ! "the Cross" erected stands,
Whence flow the streams of Love divine :
Now turn my soul, to view the grace,
Pure that adorns the Passion-scene ;
Behold the mild Redeemer's face,
Mid sufferings, meek, resign'd, serene :
Learn hence in charity to live
From Him, whom pity prompts to sue—
' Spare, Father, and my foes forgive,
' For sinners "know not what they do :"'
Hear, how sweet peace to banish fear,
His promise to "the Thief" applies ;
Whose words the contrite spirit cheer,
With opening views of Paradise :
Blest change ! when shall the shades of night
Be ting'd, with *such* a ray of Heavenly Light.

X.

—Nor can the tumult's swelling wave
Of danger, long, true brethren part;
Again unite they, waxing brave,
Strong from the' affections of the heart:
E'en quickly so recall'd, attends
Close by the Cross, that friend sincere;
To whom His parent Christ commends,
As to a Son belov'd, and dear:
Thus near attracted timely meet
Two kindred souls, when death draws nigh;
Of love to' exchange the tokens sweet,
In the last look—and the last sigh.

“The hour is come:” with taunts the fiend
Malicious tries, Christ's soul to grieve;
‘Let from “the Cross” the Son descend,
‘And we will in his name believe’—

Exclaim the Scribes : O vain appeal !
With Scriptures present to the mind,
They want the tender heart to feel ;
Whose ears are clos'd, whose eyes are blind :
Or they would see those pierced feet ;
Or they would hear the Sufferer's cry,
" Eli ! Eli !" with grief replete,
To melt the stones to *sympathy*.

Yet with " the word " the signs agree :
First "*lots* they for His vesture cast,"
Then, watch Him bleeding on the tree ;
Till Christ, meek sufferer, at the last—
" My God ! *why* me My God forsakes ?"
Exclaims, appealing to His Sire :
When, sin-alarm'd, Creation quakes,
To see the Lord of life expire ;
Who bows His head, and soul resigns :
" Finish'd," He cries—the work is done—
While grace a heathen heart inclines
To hear, and glorify "*the Son*."

His voice in death resistless flies,
To pierce the chambers of the grave;
Whence "many saints that slept" arise,
And prove Christ's mighty power to save:
"The veil," before the hallow'd place,
Is rent down with the riven rock;
Still trembles to its lowest base
The mountain, reeling from the shock.
Long has from earth a cloud conceal'd,
Involving deep, the face of day;
As, till *their Maker* was reveal'd,
All things in ancient darkness lay;
Why does the Sun that garb assume
Of mourning, and his light withdraw?
—Of vengeance, that such fearful gloom
Might strike a guilty world, with awe.
Know, "Zion," *what* portends this sign,
In terrors clothing Calvary;

This omen will His wrath define,
When God for sin shall visit thee ;
—These tokens when thou next dost see ;
Expect *the day* of thy calamity.

XI.

‘ Woe ! Woe to thee ! ’—forebodes that awful sound—
In whom the blood of all the saints is found.’

* Low sit, “Jerusalem,” in the dust ;
Thy tears, as from a fountain, pour ;
The blood still crying of “the Just,”
‘ Let joy be heard in thee no more :’
A mourner, and in sack-cloth clad,
Let Zion heave the bitter sigh ;
Erst as she sigh’d with spirit sad,
In days of her captivity.

* Vide the Note annexed, at the end of the Poem.

—When slowly moved the weeping train,
No string was touch'd of joyous sound,
Their steps to cheer through "Shinar's" plain,
No rest the weary captives found;
Reclining pensive near the stream,
Still mourn'd they "Salem"—far away—
Dejected souls ! with grief extreme
For "Salem" and her festal day—

Their *silent* harps on willows hung,
That might no more sweet tones impart :
How could the sabbath-strains be sung
By exiles, with a broken heart ?
—*How* shall from Zion's sacred spire,
Ascend again a note of joy ?
How shall *they* touch the holy lyre,
Who did the Prince of Peace destroy ?

Thy solemn feast in mourning keep ;
Afflict thy soul—"not for the dead,"
But, Zion, for thy remnant weep :
Thy sun is set ; thy glory fled !

Be this to thee a night of woe ;
No star to' illume the fearful gloom,
Let darkness all its terrors show,
Mid signs portentous of *thy* doom ;
In whom the blood of all the saints is found ;
“ Woe ! Woe to thee ! ”—forebodes that awful sound.

XII.

—Stay, Christians, by the sacrifice :
Your Saviour in “ the Son ” behold,
By whom was paid the ransom-price,
Death’s prison-portals to unfold :
A ray breaks through the cloudy scene ;
Of Mercy hail the dawning ray,
That thus reflects its beams serene,
To bless the great Atonement-day :
Christ, to fulfil the Heavenly plan,
One offering made, pure, and complete,
Appeasing wrath for sinful man ;
And free expands “ the Mercy-seat : ”

He suffering died, to make their peace,
And sinners reconcile to God;
That He might enmity efface,
Who sign'd the Charter with His blood :
—Let then each contrite heart prepare,
That may this Balm the soul revive,
On Christ to call in fervent prayer;
So may we solace sweet derive
From Him, who waits kind to receive
The suppliant souls, that in His Name believe.

XIII.

‘ O Thou ! who didst for *sin* atone,
‘ We to thy Cross for refuge flee ;
‘ And, as we trust in Thee alone,
‘ Lord, let us thy Salvation see :

‘ Our guilt we sad confess with shame,
‘ Who from the path of duty stray ;
‘ Yet, “ Jesus ! ” plead thy saving Name,
‘ And still through Thee for pardon pray :
‘ Hear, Lamb of God, our plaintive cry,
‘ Hear—lest of Mercy we despair ;
‘ Some token of thy Grace apply,
‘ To free our guilty souls from fear :
‘ With thy pure blood, shed for our sake,
‘ Our spirits cleanse from every stain ;
‘ That of *thy* Peace we may partake,
‘ And happy in *thy* Love remain :
‘ O Thou ! who didst for *sinner*s bleed,
‘ Hear, Lord, and help us *in the hour of need.*’

XIV.

—‘ Submitting, calm, with spirit meek ;
‘ Mid solemn signs of life and death,
To “ Jesus ” flee, and mercy seek,
While yet is spar’d the vital breath :

And, as thy soul would mercy gain,
“ Repent ;” and pray for Grace divine
To sanctify thy present pain,
And to the Lord thy heart incline.’

‘ *Does*, with dark shadows overspread,
Thy spirit faint, and life implore ?
In whom is power to raise the dead,
His Voice may yet the sick restore,
Oft that has heard the cry, ‘ O save,
And for Christ’s sake a sinner spare !’
That on souls quick’ned from the grave,
He might impress His holy fear.’

‘ Yet—for one spar’d, see thousands fall !
So thick the fatal arrows fly ;
That should the serious thoughts recall
Of mortals, justly doomed to die :

Who, touch'd by Death's cold chilling hand,
Can calmly yield, and sink to rest ;
Is it, that they the skill command,
To read their names among the blest ?'

' A cloud, believer, *this* conceals ;
But, though *unseen*, " the Book of Life,"
Bright Promises the Word reveals,
With Hope, ' to end the mortal strife'—
For them of Grace reviv'd in soul,
Who from temptation flee away ;
Who feel the Spirit's pure control,
And " die to sin," from day to day.'

' A placid rest awaits their eyes,
Who to the Lord their will resign ;
Who trim " their Lamps like Virgins wise,"
And watch, as they in strength decline :

Happy the Bridegroom's Voice to know,
They rise, the warning-call attend;
And, ere they part from all below,
Their souls commit to Christ their Friend.'

' Firm, they the Promises embrace,
Like Pilgrims that the Desert trod;
Meet spirits for the blissful place,
From men redeem'd to walk with God:
The same to Heaven their course pursue,
With clearing views the path to cheer;
And still each faded grace renew,
As lo! *Eternity* draws near.'

—Is *such* the Christian Pastor's voice:
Who faithful probes—the wound to cure—
Whence may the penitent rejoice,
And comfort for "that Day" insure?

Yes—O'er the sufferer's couch he bends,
And seeks from earth to wean the heart ;
As Faith for victory contends,
That may in peace the soul depart—
With them who, when their trials close,
In Christian Hope enjoy a calm repose.

XV.

—‘ Farewell ! ’ It sounds a long Farewell,
The warning from the dead,
That solemn knell ; deep-ton'd to tell,
‘ Another soul has fled : ’
Yet vibrates on the ear,
This voice of Truth to man ;
‘ Reflect ! thy hour draws near,
Whose life is but a span.’

As glides the silent stream of Time,
Its course for none is stay'd ;
How quickly drop of youth the prime,
Like flowers that bloom and fade :

To many, soon the grave
Shall close their earthly race ;
If God still waits to save,
Improve thy day of Grace.

This solemn Call, to them that live,
Far spread those tones around;
Whence wisdom may the soul derive,
That heeds the warning-sound :
Thy life does Mercy spare ?
Flee, to the Saviour flee,
“ To meet thy God prepare,”
Child of Mortality !

Thy years, O Man, they swiftly fly,
And pass like shadows vain ;
Quick moves the closing period nigh,
Of pleasure, and of pain :
Thy soul in patience keep,
That none thy hope destroy ;
Yea—shouldst thou “ wake or sleep”—
The Hope of *future* joy.

XVI.

—So pours, my Muse, a sad and solemn strain,
Slow moving with the mourning train;
While a long deep sigh suspends the breath,
A sigh—by which is grief exprest;
As, quitting slow the scene of Death,
Each silent turns, and smites his breast:
Yet lingering stay, to view the Cross,
Yon females weeping round the Tree;
And still bewail their bitter loss,
His constant friends “from Galilee:”
Whose souls pure love for *Jesus*’ sake
Sustains, the appalling sight to bear;
When some the bleeding Victim take—
Like brethren—down with tender care:
In silence as the corse is laid,
Affection marks the mournful scene;
As they with tears embalm the dead,
Deep groans in spirit, “Magdalene.”

Then comes, to sooth that wounded heart,
A Friend, e'en "Nicodemus" wise ;
His presence comfort will impart,
As sweet with incense odours rise :
Who, calmly tempering furious zeal,
Erst did restrain the Council's rage ;
He touch'd, at Sympathy's appeal,
Seeks how he may *her* grief assuage ;
Who, like a Rock no tempest moves,
Firm to the *suffering* cause allied,
His heart attach'd to Christ approves,
Of courage true, by perils tried.
—Did "Joseph"—Son of Piety !
Resign the Tomb his chosen cell,
That "with the rich" might "Jesus" lie ?
The Scriptures of this kindness tell :
Long live thy Name ! "The good and just ;"
For this, immortal fame be thine,
When Time shall mingle with the dust
The fragments, of thy mouldering Shrine—

“ Whence ‘ *Avalon*’* aspires to claim,
‘ That *first*—of Islands in the West—
‘ To *Her* the holy Mission came,
‘ Fraught with the Tidings of the blest.’
—*Why* rest is from thy temples fled,
That look of plaintive woe reveals;
While, “ Mary,” watching by the dead
Like “ Rizpah,” sad thy spirit feels:
Yet moan no more, thou lonely Dove !
Soon dawns the morn, the joyful morn,
That will each doleful trace remove;
Weep then no more as one forlorn :
Did “ Lazarus from the grave” return,
Quickened by Christ, to hear His voice ?
With light renewed her Lamp shall burn,
And Mary in the Lord rejoice ;
Whose spirit now subdued by woe,
Feels grief whence may no tear relieving flow !

* Vide the Note annexed at the end of the Poem.

XVII.

—Cease, Scoffer, cease thy mirth profane—
Do flames the crackling thorns devour?
Swift follow bitter cries, with pain,
The Drunkard's song and revelling hour.
Cease, Scoffer, cease thy mirth profane :
Lest *He*, the' Avenger, visit thee,
Whose terrors quickly clos'd the Reign,
The Feast, and Scene of Blasphemy.*
Cease, Scoffer, cease thy mirth profane,
Exulting o'er Christ's deadly wound ;
Whence He shall glory new obtain,
Victorious springing from the ground.
Hush, Scoffer, cease thy mirth profane—
The Gates in vain of Hell oppose ;
He will His cause revive again,
With power to conquer all its foes :
His friends shall then rejoicing hail
The Prince Immortal, whom they now bewail.

* Dan. v. 5.

XVIII.

—Do tender hearts in anguish bleed,
Of Him bereft, their dearest Friend?
To sorrow soon will joy succeed,
If patient they await the end :
Not long, with pointing to the slain,
As though the Promises were vain ;
May sons of pride the hope deride
Of them, who follow Christ their Heavenly Guide.

Yet is, while poignant grief prevails,
“ Hope against hope ” conflicting sore ;
Thro’ restless doubts the spirit fails,
Till Gospel-views new life restore :
Now anxious thoughts the soul divide—
‘ Shall Christ the tyrant’s spoil abide,
‘ Beyond the third, the’ appointed day ?
‘ Or will He Death compel to yield the prey ?’

His friends, as o'er the tomb they bend,
This hour desponding sink in night;
The next above the cloud ascend,
While Christ is still remov'd from sight:
Yet shall "the Prince of Life" appear;
And Death, disarm'd of guilty fear,
—For souls that on His truth rely—
Shall soon be "swallow'd up in victory."

Then let your hearts His promise cheer—
' *This temple* should my foes destroy;
' More glorious still the same to rear,
' I will *alone* "three days" employ:
Remember, what your Saviour said—
' Know;—If it *die*, thence fruitful made;
' The seed produces many ears;
' Whereas no fruit a grain *unburied* bears.'

—But! *whence* that trembling of the band?

The Roman guard before the light
From glorious Seraph, cannot stand;
And by their fears are put to flight:

Quick has "the Breaker" pass'd the gates,
Who in the darkness light creates;
By *Him* "the Path of Life" to show,
In triumph trampling on man's mortal foe.

‘ Yet, though in terror quakes the ground,
‘ As warriors turning pale declare;
‘ Rejoice, ye women, at the sound
‘ That issues from Christ's sepulchre:
‘ He knows who first the heart prepares,
‘ Ye pious souls! *your* tender cares;
‘ How "spices sweet" those hands provide—
‘ Which made His grave—to' embalm His pierced side:
‘ And thus *your* offices of love requites,
‘ Who come to deck His tomb with hallow'd rites.’

XIX.

“Fear not”—so to the females meek
The Angel spake—‘Ye faithful few !
‘For He is risen whom ye seek,
‘E’en “Jesus,” to His promise true.’
Now, mourning spirits, joy resume,
For joy becomes this blessed day ;
Bright beams descending burst the gloom,
And with their glory light the way :
Hail ! Christians, hail yon cheering sign !
Rising victorious from the grave,
“The Son,” who bears the Seal divine,
Attests His righteousness to save :
Though did our sins His death require ;
His flesh might no corruption see,
Of whom affirm’d His Heavenly Sire—
“This day have I begotten thee ”

May He the Victor's arm extend,
To free us from sin's captive chains ;
To *Him* the rebel-passions bend,
Who life for us eternal gains :
That so may "*Jesus*" our salvation be,
With whom revives the hope of Immortality.

END OF PART III.

AN HYMN OF PRAISE

ON THE LORD'S DAY.

Arise, as pass the clouds away,
With joy to hail 'the blessed day.'

Hail happy morn ! we rise to view
Thy glories breaking from the East ;
And glad our Sabbath-strains renew,
In honour of the Christian feast :

"This is the Day," that bears the name
Of Him who lives—to die no more ;
Sweet matin chimes the Day proclaim,
When we may *rest*, and God adore :

On this Day love to meet and pray,
The souls for future glory seal'd ;
They to the Lord devote the day,
Which speaks of joys to be reveal'd :

In spirit risen from the dead,
They keep this hallow'd Feast of Love;
Who in the peaceful Sabbath read
An emblem—of the *rest* above :
—Praise we the Lord: His name adore;
“The King of Kings,” who lives for evermore.

Ye Priests ! His Temple' gates unfold;
For many souls “to day” incline,
To seek the Lord, His face behold,
And hear His oracles divine :

Free, Christians, to “the Mercy-seat,”
In love the holy paths expand;
Let all to serve Jehovah meet,
Fulfilling His supreme command :

Arise; your vows to “Zion” bring,
Your sacred vows with grateful hearts;
There cheerful join, *His* praise to sing,
Who life and health to all imparts :

So may ye, like a fruitful field,
Long flourish and in grace improve ;
And, while your souls God's tribute yield,
May nigh to you His mercies move !
—Praise ye the Lord ; His name adore ;
“The King of Kings,” who lives for evermore.

Let Christians for their teachers pray,
To feed them with His ‘lively word ;’
And, with pure purpose to obey,
Hear they the Doctrine of the Lord :

Hence shall they know their Maker's will,
That listen to His heavenly voice ;
Hence shall their souls with rapture fill,
That in His presence still rejoice :

His Sabbaths then devoutly spend ;
So never shall your foes prevail,
While *He* the Mighty is your Friend,
Whose promises will never fail :

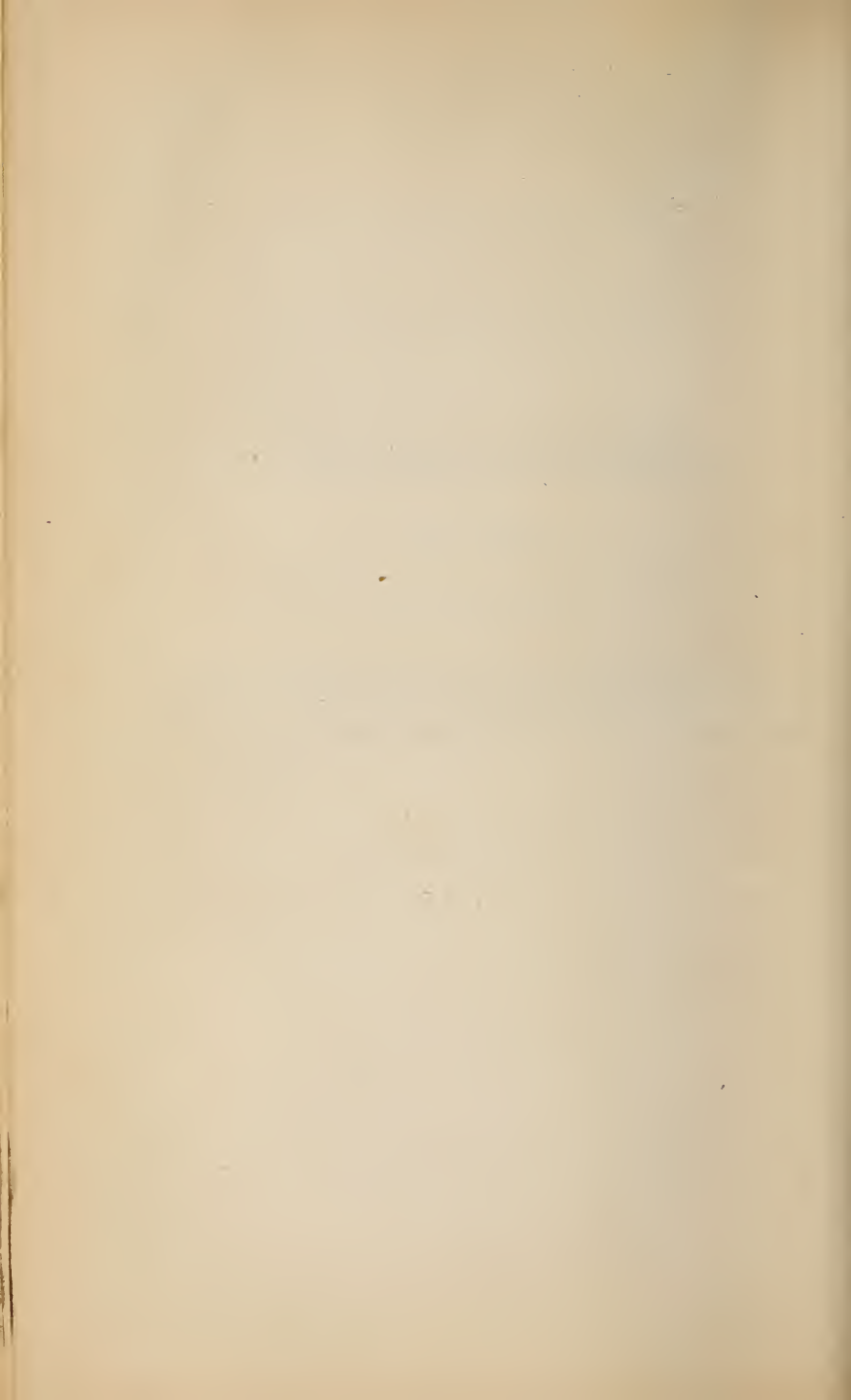
—Because the Lord, in whom ye trust,
The Lord of Glory we proclaim ;
“Awake, sing—ye that dwell in dust,
Ascribe ye greatness to His name :”
—Praise *all* the Lord ; His Name adore ;
“The King of Kings,” who lives for evermore.

GOSPEL HARMONY.

PART IV.

“The breaker is come up before them : they have broken up, and have passed through the gate, and are gone out by it : and their King shall pass before them, and the LORD on the head of them.”

Micah, ii. 13.



GOSPEL HARMONY.

DESCRIPTION OF PART IV.

ALREADY ;—in the First Part having described the blessed Nativity, or manifestation in the flesh, of “Immanuel” the promised Messiah, ushered in by the celestial herald of universal joy to the human race—in the Second Part having traced the splendour of the Glory-beams, which “Jesus” began to shed around Him in the miraculous *evidences* of the truth and power of his Divine mission, and also in his perfectly developed and attested *character*, as “The Son of God”—in the Third Part, having, with a strain of meditation on the stupendous *Passion scene*,—blended a few lines of an argumentative tone, for the purpose of proving—that by the sufferings of *the Cross* was effectually accomplished, according to the Eternal Will, the great Scriptural plan of restoring peace and life through the merits of a *Crucified Saviour*—In the present, which is now produced for the Last Part of the Poem, the writer is led to consider some of the happy fruits of the Triumph of Redeeming Love; such as faith is privileged to derive, from the contemplation of Him whom God raised from the dead, and exalted to be a “Prince and a Saviour :” to wit—how, by the Light of

His Resurrection illuming, Christ has brightened to believers the prospect of Immortality; how, by the path of His sublime Ascent, he seeks to turn their thoughts and affections toward the joys of the invisible world; while, by the fulfilment of the "Promise," in the marvellous and extraordinary Effusion of "*the Spirit*," HE, who, by the Gift of Tongues, qualified the first preachers of the Gospel to reveal "the way of salvation unto all people," no less encourages the succeeding members of His Church with an assured hope—That He the same will continue to be with His faithful Ministers, and with His sincere followers, "*always*," even until the time of the final consummation.

For a further illustration of such auspicious views, the reader is directed to a sight of the *synopsis*, or summary of the contents that follow, immediately after '*The Voice of Warning*' to the unbelievers.

Viz.—I. The Prospect of Immortality—II. The Shout of the Conqueror—III. The prompt return of Kindness—IV. The Objection by the Sceptic—V. The Act of Ascension—VI. The Soul's Soliloquy—VII. The Hope of Glory—VIII. The Peace to the departing Spirit—IX. The Vacancy filled up.—X. The Descent of *the Holy Ghost*—XI. The Infallible Testimony—XII. The Danger from seducing Spirits—XIII. The Caution against Strife—XIV. The *semblance* of Charity—XV. The Invocation of the Comforter—XVI. The ground of Confidence—XVII. The Gifts of the Spirit—XVIII. The attesting Tokens. XIX. The Watchmen of Israel—XX. The Appeal to the Good Shepherd—XXI. The animating Reply—XXII. The prophetic Warning—

XXIII. The Call for Gospel-Zeal and Gospel-Fruits—XXIV. The Song of Universal Praise ; concluding the Poem with a Doxology that breathes, it is presumed, the Doctrine, the Sentiment, and the Hope of every true Christian believer.

‘ Victory and triumph to the Son of God !’

Milton—Par. Reg.

GOSPEL HARMONY.

PART IV.

"Where is the Promise?" Do blasphemers cry?
—When they, from wrath reveal'd, in terror fly,
Then shall they know ; proud sons of Infidelity !

THE VOICE OF WARNING.

IN HOPE—*His* Spirit might the suppliant soul
With Wisdom fill, its erring thoughts control,
Each motion guide, and rising passion sway,
To keep within the Truth-prescribed way ;
In hope—*He* might the humble Muse inspire,
The Lord ; whose Promise, cloth'd in flame of fire,
Fitted "the Twelve," from Galilee to spread
The doctrine of "the rising of the dead :"

She *first*, ere she to weave a single lay
Essay'd, a holy impulse felt to pray ;
Ere ventur'd she to move a single string,
A spark implored of the' Immortal King,
A spark etherial, like the solar beam,
Of quickening glow, to animate the Theme,
To touch the chords, and wake the matin strain ;
—*So* might not sound the hallow'd lyre in vain.

Ere did my Muse this glorious theme renew ;
—Where yon bright “ Mountain” opens to our view
The Lord enrob'd in Light, whose features shine—
The Gospel claim'd a tributary line,
(Tho' little could an earth-born Minstrel raise,
Of grateful offering to its Author's praise)
In Truth's unfailing characters, to trace
The Covenant-blessings seal'd of Heavenly grace ;
Whence balm of comfort may the soul derive,
With Hope to cheer all that to “ Jesus” live ;

In which believers true in peace may die,
Since "Death is swallowed up in Victory."

When nigh approach'd that Holy Day decreed,
The great Atonement-day, which sinners need;
A thought arose of "Jacob's scatter'd Race,"
—Without a King, or Priest, or Resting-place—
How they in veil of darkness still remain,
" *The Jews*," to whom he was revealed in vain;
Blind, foolish builders ! who "the Christ" reject,
That Stone in Zion precious and elect :
Hence rais'd the voice of Truth its strong appeal,
To show—what strange events conspire to seal
The Sacred Code, God's Promise to redeem :
As from "*the Cross*" attesting flows the stream
Of Blood, to Mercy's seat to trace the path
Through Him, who has appeas'd his Father's wrath,
And from the grave exalted to the sky,
Immortal reigns, the Son of "the Most High."

—But now ; that may my Muse a Song prepare
Of triumph, meet to hail the glorious Heir ;
No longer will she check the kindling rage,
But, to His praise, her feeble powers engage,
To paint the prospect, in a glowing strain,
Of terrors to the *Scoffers* and profane.

—If e'er these lips, touch'd with a burning coal,
The Gospel-fervour breath'd ; now may the soul
Pure Zeal inspire, and Faith her shield apply,
To meet the darts of Infidelity !

“ Where is the Promise ? Where ? ” His holy Name
Blaspheming still, do scoffing tongues exclaim ?

“ So long in coming, why, his chariot ? ” say ;

‘ What means this long suspense ? this strange delay ? ’

—*Six* times Jehovah's Host march'd silent round—
Firm stood the walls ; but, when the Trumpet' sound
That silence broke,—who may the horrors tell ?
Lo ! in a moment flat they prostrate fell ;
And onward rush'd destruction, like a flood,
Rolling in flames and torrent streams of blood.

Thus, "Jericho," thy doom was *quickly* seal'd !

E'en so shall be from heaven the Lord reveal'd ;

Who by His coming shall His foes surprise,

And shatter into dust their fort of lies.

‘ When shall the heavens His Majesty disclose ?

‘ That nigh the Judgment draws, what Prophet knows ?

‘ *Unchang'd*, the Seasons to their course adhere ;

‘ All things endure ; *what change* have we to fear ?

—Of old deriding thus the Lord's decree,

“ The Jews ” would not the signs of vengeance see ;

Fill, midst the shout terrific of the foe,

Down to the ground was laid their glory low.

Erst, with rich gifts adorn'd and precious stone,

On Zion's Mount blest Zion's Temple shone ;

Illum'd not from the lamp's resplendent beams,

But of THE LORD, by those celestial streams,

With whose bright radiance ting'd, the columns high

Aspiring, turn'd to heaven the suppliant's eye :

Hence rose the mingling clouds with incense-fume,
Propitious, to avert the sinner's doom ;
Hence rose Hosanna-strains, on Festal-days,
To swell the tribute of Religious Praise ;
While pealing anthems, with the cymbal's sound,
Kindled devotion, spreading joy around :
So shone the beauty of the hallow'd shrine,
The seat—the scene of Majesty divine.
—But say : ‘Does *now* a single stone remain,
To tell—*where* stood the great Jehovah's fane ?
Quench'd by the storm destroying in His name,
Long since has vanished its Altar-flame ;
From Zion's Mount is Zion's glory fled,
Left desolate, and silent as the dead !

—‘*When* will the God of recompense appear ?
‘*What* are the signs of Judgment drawing near ?’
Do they enquire, rebellious to God's will,
Themselves the signs, who thus His words fulfil :

When rare the love of holiness is found,
Yet of iniquity the fruits abound;
When false philosophy usurping reigns,
And dangerous errors for "the Truth" maintains;
When by the souls elate of impious pride,
The Lord—their great Redeemer—is denied;
When strange commotions shake the' unquiet earth,
As if teem'd Nature with a second birth :
Such signs in solemn tone of warning speak—
' The Time draws near, when hypocrites shall quake ;
' The Time draws near—let scoffers apprehend—
' When to Christ's foes shall awful prove the end.'
—What means this Spirit-quicken'd holy strife,
Throughout the world to spread the " Book of Life?"
This call of Grace to all, to read the word?
Hence see arise ! devoted to the Lord,
With gifted tongues of wisdom and of zeal,
His love in every language to reveal,

A seed arise; that shall His Truth declare,
And on Salvation's Rock an Altar rear,
In every region, which the light of day
Visits—as to prepare for Christ the Way—
Then, while the trumpet sounds, “the mountains shake,”
And from “the cloud” the flames of Glory break;
Quick, swifter than the winged lightning flies,
His coming will confound His enemies.
Souls stupified ! who deaden guilty fears
By draughts, which infidelity prepares,
And with their taunts the Christian hope deride;
How shall the day of vengeance *such* abide?
None to appease the Lamb's incensed ire—
None then to quench the raging waves of fire—
Woe ! woe the hour when scoffers they were born,
Who make the Truth divine their impious scorn !

—But watch, ye faithful, and the Tokens heed;
Lo ! not a tittle fails, but all succeed

His word to prove ; who glorious from the grave
Shall, Israel's God, the seed of Israel save.
Know ye ; their pledged " Mercies " to maintain
Secure in David, " Jesus rose again ;"
That He, whose coming the Twelve Tribes expect,
Those Tribes beneath *one* standard might collect :
Then shall " the Remnant sav'd " return with joy,
And Zion's songs once more their harps employ ;
Yes—Israel shall the Saviour's title own,
Shall hail the promis'd Heir to David's Throne.
—But watch, ye faithful, and the tokens heed—
That day shall in his time Jehovah speed,
Revealing Christ enthron'd in Majesty ;
To whom—by sinners pierc'd—shall turn each eye,
And bow each knee, before His sceptre low ;
Then shall His " Crown of Thorns " with lustre glow—
—Like as the glory, bright on Aaron's face
Erst shone, reflected from the holy place—

While, bending, potentates shall at His feet
Resign their crowns, and Him Messias greet;
Who, as the Son, the kingdom shall to God restore,
Yet with His Sire to reign—‘when time shall be no more.’

“Verily I say unto you, ye shall not see me, until the time come
when ye shall say, Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord.”

Luke xii. 35.

I.

Let Christians glory in *their* Head,
“The Son; the first-born from the dead.”

As if my Muse's vent'rous flight to stay;
“A still small voice” of warning seems to say—
‘O vain attempt! to trace the way,
‘That opens through the’ infernal shades:
‘Who can the dreary gulf survey,
‘Which not a gleam of light pervades;
‘Of death the dark and gloomy vale?’
How, parted from this mortal frame,
Christ's Spirit, with her heavenly Guide
Descending, did the Truth proclaim
To spirits that in chains abide;
Where deep involving clouds conceal

Sad scenes of woe, too fearful to behold !
Such things not ev'n *inspired* strains unfold.

—But to that spot bright in the sky,
Whence beams the long-desired ray ;
Releas'd from darkness turns the eye,
To greet the joyful sight of day ;
So, past the lone and cheerless night,
Some pilgrim, from the mountain brow
In rapture hails the dawning light,
And to its Author pays his vow ;
Reviving all, as breaks the morn,
With beams that bright the clouds illumine.
—But who the darksome hours, forlorn
Has pass'd, beneath the' impending doom ;
He knows how joyous looks the scene,
To which is chang'd the captive's cell ;
What time Christ's promises serene
The soul, and sin's dark gloom dispel.

Such transports His disciples feel,
Of joy that fills each panting breast;
When "Jesus" does Himself reveal,
As one that comes with tidings blest :
While He, to calm their rising fears,
On them directs His face to shine ;
While cheering He the fallen rears,
With tokens of His love benign ;
Their hearts rejoice, anew inspiring joy,
From Christ deriv'd, which nothing shall destroy.

II.

—*Alone* the' Eternal Word endures,
Of fainting souls the vital breath ;
When Reason's *fallen* fort secures
No refuge, from the fear of death :

When shall the foe the breach ascend,
As fast retreats expiring life ;
Who will remain the faithful friend,
To shield us in the dreaded strife ?

‘ From *me*, death’s victor,’ cries a voice,
‘ Streams of salvation freely flow ;
‘ That Christians may *in me* rejoice,
‘ I captive lead their mortal foe :
‘ See ! round my Cross the banners wave,
‘ Bright trophies, to my conquest due ;
‘ Their souls redeeming from the grave,
‘ I thus their sinking hopes renew.’

In vain philosophy sustains
Her lamp, and flits the glimmering ray ;
Within the tomb *still* darkness reigns,
—Where silent lies the mouldering clay—

Till, from the Gospel-fount of Light,
Bright beams, as with a shining vest,
Illume the sable shades of night,
And light the path to heavenly rest :
—Blest prospect ! which those beams display,
To them that know and keep the heavenly way.

III.

—Now fade the planets through the sky ;
Precursor He of them that sleep,
To “ Mary ” first the Lord draws nigh,
That may the mourner cease to weep :
Invok’d her name she startled hears :
What might the salutation mean !
She quickly turns, and, see, appears
Her Friend belov’d to “ Magdalene : ”

What joy *His* presence tends to' impart,
Whose blissful tones her grief assuage !
—So glowing ardours move the heart,
While Christ unfolds the sacred page.

Yet not for Mary's sake alone,
The Saviour's voice her spirit cheers ;
But, that made to the Brethren known,
This token may remove their fears :
Then " Peter " rising, flies to prove
The joyful Tidings ; and partakes
Again of Christ's renewed love,
Who to the contrite kindly speaks :
Him, freely pardon'd, " Jesus " seals
For Truth a martyr doom'd to bleed ;
And bids, as he affection feels,
His Lambs with constant care to feed.

Did " Thomas " wait to probe the wound,
Ere he the witness would receive ;
His soul Christ's piercing words confound,
And cause him trembling to believe :

Tho' needed still remains a Test—
His faithful must that Test apply ;
That "Jesus" lives approve *they* best,
To sin who, spirit-quicken'd, die :
Let Christians then to sceptics shew,
Whence issues clear the holy flame ;
Let every deed with lustre glow,
To glorify the Father's name :
And may His voice blind sinners' eyes
Unseal, and wake them from their dream ;
May such reviv'd in soul arise,
Wak'd by the call of Love supreme ;
And prove *His* mighty power to save,
Who rose, "The Son," victorious from the grave !

IV.

—*Why* does the Lord himself conceal ?
Why not to *all* of Judah's line,
"The Sun of Righteousness" reveal ;
And not to few His rays confine ?

Know—Mercy hides Him from their view.
Shall “Jesus” miracles repeat
To them, who darkness will pursue,
Their crying sin to aggravate?
Rejected, He from them retires,
A proud, perverse, and blinded race !
To *such* no law the Lord requires,
To’ unveil the brightness of His face :
Yet ; still to prove the Truth divine,
That “Christ is risen from the dead ;”
“To witnesses” sign after sign
He shows—‘ the Truth divine’ to spread—
That none their record might deny,
When only what *they saw* they testify.

V.

—At length the period, amply blest
With proofs, expires of “Forty Days ;”
No further sign, His friends request,
On firmer ground their faith to raise :

By tests assur'd that cannot fail,
As they the Spirit's breath inhale,
And vigour new each soul derives ;
They know, that Christ immortal lives.

His voice of blessing sweet instills
A peace serene, the heart to sooth ;
His Promise every bosom fills
With present joy, and seals the truth :
"Elijah" thus, for bliss prepar'd,
With tokens his Disciple cheer'd ;
On whom the Prophet's mantle fell,
Of his celestial *change* to tell.

Behold a still more glorious sight !
While silent witnesses admire,
"The Son" ascends, array'd in Light,
Returning to His Heavenly Sire :
Then fades the lustre of the scene ;
Yet, though "the Cloud" may intervene,

And vanish hence their dearest Friend,
Fix'd on His Word their hopes depend.

Bright forms irradiate the skies ;
Whence flow, as Angels now descend,
Soft sounds, to' arrest the gazing eyes,
That strain the soaring cloud to rend :
They point to things by Christ foretold ;
When shall the Heavens a scene unfold,
The Second Advent, and the Day
Wherein this earth shall pass away.

Too late shall sinners rue the hour,
That they oppos'd the Call of Grace ;
When such before the' avenging Power
Shall flee, expelled from His face ;
Before the Judge—before the Throne—
Appalling sight ! Equal, *alone*,
To spread the terror of His Name,
As fast rolls on “the fiery flame.”

While rebels apprehend their doom ;
In that o'erwhelming " Day of Wrath,"
Shall Mercy-beams disperse the gloom,
And ope to saints a blissful path ;
Those Children tried of holy love,
Who to secure their calling strove,
Thro' faith afflictions did endure,
With spirit patient, meek, and pure ;
Whose life was toil ; whose latter end was peace ;
For their Redeemer bade the storm to cease.

VI.

—' Is He the Saviour of mankind,
My soul, a stranger to thy breast ?
And may no place His Spirit find,
Who seeks to be thy heavenly Guest ?

Let not thy Friend still knock in vain,
But answer, and the Call improve ;
He never may return again,
If thou shalt bid Him *now* remove :
'Tis thy Beloved at the gate ;
O let Him not thy coldness chide !
How long must He rejected wait,
And by " His own " be turn'd aside ?

' Make not, my soul, their folly thine,
Who did to Mammon blindly cleave ;
Who pray'd, in pity to " their swine,"
That Christ the coasts would quickly leave :
But emulate their wiser plan ;
On foot, the humble and the poor,
Who out from every city ran,
To greet the Saviour to their shore :
For why ? Around the fame was spread—
' Behold the Mighty One to save !'
Soon were their sick on couches laid,
Restor'd, and rescued from the grave.

Nor be like him, with trembling heart,
(The vessel sinking,) who through fear
Exclaim'd, "O Lord, from me depart,
For can this sight a sinner bear?"
But ever like "Zacchæus" be ;
Watch thou, and for the Promise pray :
Was he invited from "the tree,"
His Saviour to receive that day ?
So after "Jesus" seek and feel,
Yea, bid Him to thy heart draw nigh ;
That He "the blessing" may reveal
"Of Peace," for which the' afflicted sigh :
Swift flies the time ; be this thy cry,
"Come, Lord !" my spirit quicken—ere I die.'

VII.

—'Ye realms of bliss, your gates expand'—
The circling train triumphant sing :
In glory God to His "right hand
Exalts the Son," as Priest and King ;

Messias, who supreme to reign,
Shall place His foes beneath His feet ;
And for converted souls obtain
The right, to' approach "the Mercy-Seat :"
The Lord, exalted to the Throne,
Where He their Advocate appears ;
To them His goodness will make known,
Approv'd as His celestial heirs.
Who on such ground the Hope enjoy,
To rise immortal from the dust ;
Let views sublime the souls employ,
That in their Saviour's Promise trust :
Intent to gain the glorious prize,
Which lies beyond this cloudy sphere ;
Let them commit, as children wise,
Their Treasure to His pledged care.
Did not the Lord possession take
For them, of seats in bliss above ?
Where Saints, made happy for His sake,
Ascribe the blessing to His Love :

—So runs Christ's hope-confirming strain—
‘ Who can the “many mansions” trace,
‘ That to “my Father's House” pertain?
‘ I will for you prepare a place;
‘ For you, whose souls fix'd on “the Prize,”
‘ To God and things above aspiring rise.’

VIII.

—Hark ! sweet celestial voices say,
‘ Come, sister spirit, come away !’
On seraph-wings, to join the blest,
Rise, Spirit ! tried and purified ;
The Saints that in the Lord have died,
Invite thee to Eternal Rest.

Thy race is run—thy work is done ;
Midst tokens of the conflict near,
Now holy trust in Christ alone
Instills “the Peace,” to banish fear :

Thy faith to try, while tempests roar,
And terrors clothe the shades of night;
Prepar'd above the clouds to soar,
Rise, spirit ! wing thy heavenly flight.

Thy bark so frail when storms assail ;
In Hope the haven to attain,
Let not thy final efforts fail,
Confiding to the Anchor-chain :
Ere comes the last, the dreaded shock,
The firmness of thy Faith to prove ;
O ! fix it on the solid Rock,
Believer ! never thence to move.

On Christ depend—thy faithful Friend,
For thee to close the mortal strife :
Does not His gracious Arm extend
Thy bright reward, “the Crown of Life?”

His Promise lights up joy serene,
Who sheds a radiance from on high,
With glory ting'd of "things not seen ;"
To steer thy passage through the sky.

While then thy Saviour's banner flies,
O'er death triumphal, Christian, rise ;
Now Angels nigh their wings expand
For Paradise, with blissful strains
—Sweet as might charm a martyr's pains—
To waft thee to ' the Spirit-land.'

IX.

—From Israel's Stem *Twelve* Branches rose,
The Patriarchs of the promis'd Race :
Twelve precious stones* the Prophet chose,
To rear God's altar in its place.

* 1 Kings xviii. 31, 32.

His Holy Temple to sustain,
The Lord who the foundation laid ;
Twelve Pillars also did ordain,
To stand around their glorious Head.
One Column broken by the fall,
And, prostrate, doom'd to rise no more ;
A council His Disciples call,
How they their number might restore.
This breach the Brethren to repair,
“ Appoint two” of the faithful seed ;
“ The lots” are drawn by them with prayer,
To’ elect the one of heaven decreed.
E’en as did Jacob’s God define
The Ruler, who should fill the throne :*
So guided by this sacred line,
To make their choice ; the Brethren own,
Thus chosen in the Traitor’s place,
“ Matthias” for a Minister of Grace.

* 1 Sam. x. 19—22.

X.

That may the Gospel-Light expand,
God's Name to spread from shore to shore ;
This small but heart-devoted Band,
Strength for their mission thus implore—
' Lord ! Bid "the Comforter" draw nigh,
' With power thy blessed words fulfil ;
' Thy servants on thy Truth rely,
' *Looking for help* from "Zion's Hill !"'

His Name invoke they not in vain :
To Him has sped their ardent cry,
—The Lamb for sin so lately slain—
Who reigns Eternal Priest on high ;
On lightning' wings has reach'd His ear,
Who for His Church in mercy pleads :
Then banish thou, my soul, despair,
Since He the Mighty intercedes.

— Heard ye the sound? ‘ With glory crown’d,
‘ Jehovah comes—Prepare the way’—
Lo ! sudden quakes the hallow’d ground,
Where Christ’s Apostles meet to pray :
He from His glorious presence sends
A Solace, in the *Paraclete* ;*
With peace to bless those faithful friends,
In proof of His exalted state.

That Grace and gift of speech combin’d,
With wisdom may their souls inspire ;
“ The Spirit,” mid the “ rushing wind,”
Rests on them in bright “ *Tongues of fire* :”
Whence kindle hearts with glowing zeal,
God’s Praise and Wonders to proclaim ;
This Sign to man, this Heaven-appeal,
Far spreading as the spreading flame.

* “ Title of the third person of the Holy Trinity—the Paraclete.”—
(*John. Dic.*)

What Change portends such Marvel-sign?
—How by the sceptre of His Word
Smitten, the Idols from their shrine
Shall fall, and bow before the Lord:
God to *that Doctrine* sets His seal,
Which Satan's Empire shall destroy;
The Gospel-Kingdom to reveal,
In righteousness, in peace, and joy.

Who spake the Word, "Go to, confound"—*
And cries tumultuous fill'd the air,
A crash of tongues—a conflict-sound;
How soon can He that chaos clear?
Who sits enthron'd, by God's command
He sends His Spirit from the sky;
With gifted speech, to every land
Of *His Free Grace* to testify:

* Gen. xi. 7.

There, as they marvel at the Voice,
That speaks the language from above ;
“ The First-fruits to the Lamb ” rejoice,
The Converts of Redeeming Love !
Whereat Christ’s foes retreat with shame ;
Or join His Church, to glorify His name.

XI.

Victorious signs, with gifts of Grace,
The Gospel’s infant course precede ;
And in its blessed Author trace
“ The Sinner’s Friend,” to all that need :
Before Messiah’s piercing sword,
Vanquish’d, the hostile ranks give way ;
While beams bright from His heavenly Word,
A glorious Hope of life display :
How on His Promise Christians rest,
The trials of *their* Faith explain ;
As with divine acceptance blest,
Who “ faithful unto death ” remain.

Pure Doctrine, and with lips sincere,
Blest Teachers of the Spirit's choice,
In tones diffuse the soul to cheer ;
Melodious as an Angel's voice :
Not blind, and with disputings vain,
Seek they to' extract an erring mote ;
Whose is a mild pacific strain,
Of Concord breath'd through every note :
Nor they to *few* the Gift confin'd,
As if exclusive were the scheme ;
But, sent in pity to mankind,
To *all* reveal'd the Mercy-Theme.

Their's was the Doctrine of the Truth—
Blest Oracle ! which never fails ;
The maxim *first* prescrib'd to youth,
For Truth alone at last prevails :
By Truth convinc'd the mind perceives
What faith the Holy Scriptures claim ;
By Truth confirm'd, the soul believes
The Promise in the Saviour's name :

With Truth, which nothing can subdue,
She sees *whence* rays of comfort rise ;
And hope inspiring from the view,
In patience toils to gain the prize.

A glorious track the Sun defines,
The Moon illumines the shades of night,
As she in *transient* lustre shines ;
But “ Truth ” beams with *Eternal* light :
While rolling high, beyond the shore,
The tide invades the barrier-sands ;
While channels *new* the waves explore,
The Rock of “ Truth ” *unshaken* stands :
Tho’ children veer with every wind
Of Doctrine, smooth—as serpents glide :
Let men retain, mature in mind,
“ The Truth—for their celestial Guide :
False lights, tho’ brilliant, soon decay ;
But “ Truth ” shines brighter “ to the perfect day.”

XII.

—Pause, erring fools, prone to blaspheme !
Pause, and Christ's doctrine fairly try ;
The Gospel forms no baseless dream,
That cannot bear the' inquiring eye ;
Let judgment sound His claims decide ;
“ The Scriptures search ;” weigh, and compare,
With spirit pure and free from pride,
Lest you condemn—before you hear :
—But from *this* Test deceivers move,
To which Christ His opponent sends ;
Nor can endure—the Truth to prove—
The scrutiny which He commends.
But ; *who* the Fountain-streams forsake,
That freely through the desert flow,
And “ broken cisterns ” to them make :
Do *such* the path of wisdom know ?

If in the day they love to stray,
And darkness unto light prefer;
Can they regain the Heavenly way,
When cloth'd in terrors night draws near?
Let them the opening gulf espy,
To which apostate footsteps tend;
And from "seducing spirits" fly,
—False lights ! that in perdition end—
Ere it shall be too late to cry,
' Shun, shun the snares of Infidelity.'

XIII.

Why boast of wings, to soar above?
Or skill, dark secrets to reveal?
When to the grace of Christian love,
The Spirit sets the' approving seal:
How little they that seal revere,
Who in contentions fierce engage;
As if from mists "the Truth" to clear,
By flashes of *polemic* rage:

Let *Brethren* seek to dwell in peace,
And banish far religious strife;
Let variance, feuds, and tumult cease !
Or soon decays the Christian life.
When " Jesus" bless'd His little band,
The watch-word was, " Divisions flee ;"
How did the Church her foes withstand ?
Fair Zion's strength was—" *Unity* :"
So Faith her holy conquests won ;
Approaching soft with peaceful feet,
She form'd, to join all hearts in one,
The chain of *Harmony* complete :
Attractive shone kind Charity,
The Gem to deck a Christian's breast ;
The Grace that, brightest of the Three,
With flowers unfading crowns the blest ;
Who cultivate this Heavenly Root,
And ever taste of its immortal Fruit.

XIV.

‘ O Charity ! Endearing Grace ;
How many will assume thy name ?
Hypocrisy, of smiling face ;
And Zeal clad in a fiery flame :
How many will thy Form conceal,
—As it the garb of kindness wears—
Who little of thy temper feel,
Which “ suffers long, and long forbears ?”
How many raise to thee a shrine,
Who have no need to count the price ?
Yet strangers live to Love divine ;
Which failing, *what* is sacrifice !
But they that “ love in truth, in deed,”
With heart enlarg’d toward “ the poor,”
And freely scatter Mercy’s seed ;
Through Thee “ a good reward ” secure :
These are the Brethren Christ will own ;
These are His Saints, to place before His throne.’

XV.

—‘O Saviour blest? Beloved Son,
Ador’d of the celestial Host,
The Prince of Peace, the Mighty One,
Send to thy Spouse “the Holy Ghost :”
The Spirit send, to glorify,
To spread her great Redeemer’s name;
By whom as suppliants we apply,
And thus the gracious Promise claim.’

‘The Voice still speaks—‘My Word believe—
What things ye “in my Name” desire,
Ye of the Father shall receive;
The more to Him your souls aspire :’
What then—Shall *we* for riches pray,
Whose *Treasure* lies beyond the skies?
On wings those riches flee away;
But we the promis’d blessing prize.’

‘ On all *thy Spirit* we implore,
Whereby thy righteous cause is sped ;
On all its gifts and graces pour,
Lord ! of thy Church exalted Head :
That they God’s mercies may reveal,
Who trim the lamps before His shrine ;
Inspire His Priests with holy zeal,
As Lights to shine of Truth divine.’

‘ Bright may the flame with ardour glow,
Nor of the Light that lustre fade ;
Whence all the Way of life may know,
For whom the Ransom-price was paid :
Shed blessings on the rising race,
To which we break “ the children’s bread ;”
The babes in Christ, to grow in grace,
Like plants beside the river spread.’

‘ Lest these fair buds of Promise fail ;
Thy favour, “ Lord,” let such engage,
If storms shall Zion’s peace assail,
To shield them from the tempest’ rage :

These Lambs, that in thy pasture feed,
Take "Jesus !" to thy Guardian-care ;
And for their sake vouchsafe to plead,
That God His Church in pity spare :
For *this*, Lord ! on Thy Name we call ;
Lest foes prevail, and triumph in her fall.'

XVI.

—And is from Her the Spirit fled ?
Her Ark forsaken of the Dove ?
Not so—no dangers may she dread,
That looks for succour from above :
Let *this* Christ's faithful spouse assure—
Eternal Truth cannot decay ;
Whose words, seal'd with an oath, endure,
Tho' "Heaven and Earth shall pass away :"

Bright tokens still His Presence prove ;
The Promise was not made in vain,
Nor will "the Comforter" remove,
Till Christ reveal Himself again.
Rock'd was the vessel in "the storm,"
Yet she above the billows rose ;
Then let no fears thy soul alarm,
But calmly on His word repose :
He will His Church in safety keep,
Whose Mercy guided "Israel" through the deep.

XVII.

Nor Signs, nor Miracles alone,
His Cause maintain and battles fight ;
Whose grace can melt the hearts of stone,
And put His strongest foes to flight :
Peace still soft unction may apply,
The raging tempest to control ;
And Hope, bright Angel ! from the sky
Descends, to sooth the troubled soul :

Truth with its piercing arrow rends
The mind's dark mist, till light appears ;
And Faith her buckler broad extends,
To shield the Ark from hostile spears.
Christ's Church still finds her foster-sires,
In them that grace the royal state ;
"The Spirit" still the heart inspires
Of Kings, her rights to advocate :
For why? One sacred bond unites
The Monarch's glory, with fair Zion's rights.

XVIII.

Can we *the Spirit's work* deny,
Whom monuments of Faith surround?
Its holy radiance glads the eye,
Where'er of Love the fruits abound :
Can we *the Spirit's work* deny,
That Grace may life divine impart?
When vital changes testify
Its power, to turn the sinner's heart :

Can we *the Spirit's work* deny,
Whose witness cannot be conceal'd ?
While Truth compels her foes to fly,
And, victor, keeps the Christian field.
Who can the Spirit's work deny ?
Whereby is mov'd a chosen band,
For Christ all dangers to defy,
And with His Church to fall or stand—
Their Watch-word and their cheering cry :
' We nobly conquer, or we nobly die.'

XIX.

—Alarm'd for souls, her precious care,
Religion makes this strong Appeal ;
' In holy union, Friends prepare
By *Love* to' attest your Christian zeal :

For, see, the warning signal flies !
What signs are those ? and whence arise
The torrent floods, to drown the land ?
Behold, *what storm* portends that Omen-hand !*

‘ Pastors ! unite ; your arrows bright
Draw from the quiver of the Word ;
“ Anoint the shield,” prepar’d to wield
The Mighty Spirit’s piercing sword :
If *discord* shall the body rend ;
Will quickly on the spoil descend
The Vultures, hovering for their prey—
Pastors ! in Love unite, and lead the way.’

‘ Then shall oppose the’ invading Flood
He who, the demon’s rage to quell,
Blind Saul’s infuriate course withstood ;
His Standard shall the foe repel :

* 1 Kings xviii. 44.

His Saints to free, who loos'd their chain;
Avenger of His servant slain,
Who smote the Tyrant to the ground;*
His judgments will your enemies confound.'

' HE your Salvation will appear,
To Truth and to her cause allied,
Inspiring hope, to banish fear;
The LORD, in whom your souls confide:
He will from Heaven His angel send,
His Spouse in perils to defend;
He will approach your Saviour near,
The proud to quell, and spirits meek to cheer.'

XX.

Whither shall we for refuge flee?
O Lord! our crying sins forgive,
Who for salvation look to Thee:
And in the spirit peace revive:

* Acts xii. 23.

Around as fall the shafts of death,
We unto Thee our souls commend;
To keep them in thy Holy Faith,
Blest Saviour ! until life shall end :
On Thee alone our hopes rely,
When Zion sad lies desolate,
Thou that dost hear the contrite sigh ;
To raise her from her low estate.
He spake, kind Guardian of the fold,
' Fear ye, my " little flock," no more ;'
He spake, ' Turn ye to Zion's hold,
' With arms replete for you in store :'
Again we will thy promise claim,
—That promise Thou wilt never break—
Lord, to the glory of thy Name,
Thy Church save for thy Mercy's sake !
Arise ; true Shepherd of the sheep,
Arise ; our enemies subdue :
O let not Israel's Keeper sleep,
Nor listless our great danger view ;

But from the ministers of wrath,
Ere they approach, thy flock secure :
Or, if to tread ‘ *the fiery path*’
Thy saints be call’d—firm to endure—
That may their courage never fail,
Lord, to thy suffering saints Thyself reveal !

XXI.

—Ye meek ; *His* pledged Promise hear,
“ His own” who ransoms from the grave ;
‘ My Hand to Heaven I lift, and swear,
I will my faithful servants save.’
In darkness when the tempests roar,
And flying foes with terror fill ;
When on them floods of vengeance pour,
Your spirit let this Promise still :
The earth is mov’d, its pillars shake—
While lo ! appall’d the nations quake ;
Believers, lift your heads on high,
For joy of your Redemption nigh.

—How soon? God only knows the hour :
Presume not of a single day :
“ The times” lie in the Father’s power,
Who calls on all to “ watch and pray :”
For sudden, as a thief by night,
Shall Christ the Hypocrites surprise ;
Sinners, “ that darkness put for light,”
And still His warning-signs despise :
Then ; as in flames His chariot rolls,
A refuge strong shall Christians find
For meek, enduring, faithful souls,
In Him the Judge of all mankind—
So circled with His glorious beams,
Who led them through the fiery streams,
In triumph o’er the menace vain,
God’s children sang a joyful strain ;
What time the flaming torrent rose
Above “ the Furnace,” to consume their foes.

XXII.

How vainly rage the sons of pride,
And plots against His Church devise !
She may the threats of Hell deride,
By Christ protected from the skies :
But can before His vengeance stand
The Scoffers, that enflame His ire ?
Let them, of “ *Sodom’s*” burning land,
Let them, of “ *Korah’s*” fate enquire :
Sudden, while sins for judgment cry,
And reels the earth with awful throes ;
Shall, wing’d with death, God’s lightnings fly,
If rebels still “ the Son” oppose.
Yet, patient, let Christ’s followers run
The race of conflict, to the end ;
Through Him that has the battle won,
Who proves to them a constant Friend :

His arm sustains the hostile shock,
And wards from them the' impending blow ;
Touch'd by whose wand, the ice-bound rock
Dissolves, and streams refreshing flow :
Bright, shining through the cloudy veil,
His Bow with radiant arm He bends ,
—Of Peace auspicious token hail !—
His Temple who in love defends :
The LORD our Saviour and our Guide,
His voice *HE* utters “ from on high ;”
To stem the fury of the Tide,
When roaring round His sanctuary ;
Who for the Sea fix'd this Decree,
' Thy waves *here* stay ; and, still'd, My Word obey.'

XXIII.

Is Christ the Shield of our defence ?
To Him our hearts, by deeds of love,
Seek we to' endear with confidence ;
Nor from His sacred banner move :

But, as our hopes on Him depend,
Let us His oracles maintain ;
And to *the Heathen* tidings send,
How sinners may free pardon gain.

‘ *On,*’ Zion, ‘ *on ;*’ to “ Jesus” lead,
As for the Day by Him foretold ;
Let her the Saviour’s kingdom spread,
The Seals unloos’d, the Scrolls unroll’d :
Let plants, rais’d from the parent-root,
With blossoms fill the desert-place ;
Soon will repay the blessed fruit,
The labours of this work of grace.

—‘ Who late—“ the Princes of the Sea”—*
Did fellow-men in bondage hold ;
Have *we* proclaim’d “ *the Jubilee,*”
To whom they were for bondmen sold ?

* Vide [†] Note annexed at the end.

For ever loos'd the captive chain?
That may their souls be free indeed,
Let us their ransom'd *children* train,
Of them to form a *goodly seed*.

That such no more in darkness grope;
Let us the Gospel-beams display,
Blest beams to them, of Christian Hope,
To cheer and guide them in the way:
So may they for our pardon plead!
As they to Heaven uplift their hands,
For us with *Him* may intercede,
The Saviour of "*the Morian-Lands!*"

—Thus let with fruits "the Vineyard" shine,
With fruits for offering meet abound;
Then, to protect "*the fruitful Vine,*"
An Angel-Guard will wait around:
So shall His Church in safety rest;
While on Christ's altar burns the flame,
Pure-glowing, as the Virgin's breast,
To whom the voice of blessing came.

—While “Judah” faithful kept his Trust,
And cleav’d to God—Him to adore;
His foes God humbled in the dust,
And bless’d his seed, and bless’d his store :
O may we feel this strong appeal !
Devoted to the Living Word,
Inspire we hence a fervent zeal,
“ With one accord to praise the Lord !”
For Christians, to the Great Jehovah’s praise,
Shall, ‘day by day,’ a grateful Anthem raise.*

XXIV.

ALL GLORY to the’ Eternal Sire !
Who made this earthly orb to roll,
“ The Firmament” to glow with fire,
And formed man “ a living soul :”
In wisdom fram’d, His works display
His Love who said—“ Let there be Light ;”
To whom their constant tribute pay,
The Sun by day, and Moon by night :

* Psalm lxxii. 15.

Renew'd each morning, mercies trace
The signs of God's paternal care ;
Whose mercies all His works embrace,
Whose goodness crowns ' the circling year.'

Now ; as the fading planets wane,
And from his orient beams retire—
The Lord of Day resumes his reign ;
Let us the opening scene admire :
His path illuming, as he soars ;
That Nature's face may joyful shine,
Bright streams the sun resplendent pours,
E'en from the fount of light divine.

Like waves high ting'd with golden hue,
Around the glowing meteors roll,
And form a soul-enrapturing view—
A sea of fire from pole to pole :
No eye can bear the kindling blaze,
No eye the flaming vault explore :
—Presumptuous mortal ! cease to gaze,
And from the sight turn—to *adore*.

When *first* to shine arose the Sun,
His course God guided by twelve signs,
Through which his chariot was to run ;
And *so* his orbit still confines :
Lest scath'd the rocks might melt with fire,
Or touch'd the mountains slow consume,
And like a smouldering scroll expire ;
Before the day of final doom.

HE spread the earth thro' boundless space,
That man might his Creator know ;
HE fix'd its pillars in their place,
To whom all creatures homage owe :
By His decree, the foaming main
Subsides, rebounding from the shore ;
Against " the sand " they leap in vain—
In vain the' infuriate billows roar :
His ruling voice the ocean hears,
At whose command pure fountains spring ;
His word attractive guides the spheres,
Who " is of all the earth the King."

Let us before His footstool bend,
The God in whom all creatures live ;
Let us adore our Heavenly Friend,
And to His name the glory give ;
From day to day Jehovah's acts recite,
Of love, of power, and wisdom infinite.

“ ALL GLORY to the' Eternal Sire !
Who made this earthly orb to roll,
“ The Firmament” to glow with fire,
And formed man “ a living soul :”
Bless'd be the Offspring of His love !
For sinners' sake to death resign'd,
“ The Son”—whom all His actions prove
The Friend and Saviour of mankind :
Hail too “ the Comforter” by name !
The Spirit of the Word of Life,
Of holy zeal that lights the flame ;
Yet, as a *Dove*, assuaging strife.

While shall “ the Heaven of Heavens” endure ;
The Father, Son, and Spirit pure,
—ONE GOD o’er all supreme in Majesty—
As worthy to be prais’d alone,
Let saints with angels round the Throne,
Adore, and praise, to ALL ETERNITY.’

LECTORI BENEVOLO.

ITA, *Numinis divini*—si non motu sancto inceptum—certè tamen auxilio benigno paratum, Opusculum pietatis veræ in causam sacrum; quod quatuor per annos præteritos, diurnos inter labores atque quotidianas res Sacerdotalis—sive spiritualis—Curæ, (quæ non paucos animos amplectitur) mentem Auctoris exercere solebat studio multum sui præmii reddente,

Præsenti in anno LXI Ætatis suæ,
jam peractum est :

Atque hoc idem quòd Sacra diligentium et a profanis discernentium committat candido iudicio, veniam petit Auctor indignus ast haud ingratus; cujus in salutem—quoad vixerit—est in humili voto, ut orent, quicunque hosce versiculos accipere velint; non ut ‘Carmen Seculare,’ ordine verborum concinno dulcique sonitu fictum ad aures captandas, sed, ut honestum, grave, et germanum—quamvis exiguum—Officii sancti conamen, petentibus rationem reddere, et animi incertis confirmare fidem, Spei vitæ felicitis atque immortalis;

quæ Spes beata ut omnibus promoveatur, Doctrina Evangelica tantùm enititur.

Denique; unà cum iis amicis, quicunque se socios auxiliares obtulerint orare ex imo corde movetur Auctor ipse; ut hoc Sacrum Poema—alia inter et multa hujusce pii generis valdè superiora—*Dei gratiâ* aptum fiat instrumentum, et ad extendenda et ad exponenda Divina Scripta, de Sermonibus puris, de Vitâ perfectâ, de Charitate infinitâ *Dei Filii veri*, atque hominum Servatoris benedicti:

Cui Nomen—cum summâ gloriâ supernè editum—fidelibus in Christo totam per terram dignè est tribuendum, nempe—

“Ὁνομα τὸ ἐπὶ πάντων ὄνομα·

Ὁ υἱὸς ὁ ἀγαπητός, υἱὸς Θεοῦ τοῦ ἐψίστου·

“Ἰησοῦς Χριστὸς χθὲς καὶ σήμερον ὁ αὐτός,

“Καὶ εἰς τοὺς αἰῶνας. Ἀμήν.”*

* Vide a free Translation of the above Sentences, placed after ‘the Votes.’

Μεγάλων ἀπολισθαίνειν ὅμως εὐγενὲς ἀμάρτημα.

DIONYSII LONGINI, *De Sublimitate*, §c.

‘ In great attempts, to fail is at least no dishonourable failure.’

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS,

TO

‘ THE NOTES.’

It has occurred to the mind of the Writer, that a few remarks would not be misplaced before ‘ the Notes,’ to which the reader of the Poem is referred on some points for a clearer elucidation.

Brief, however, shall be these leading observations; the object of the author being not so much to defend or to explain the course of his proceeding, as it is to anticipate rather any question that might be raised, concerning what he has not done and what he has purposely omitted in the execution of the work.

The fact is too striking to be denied, that he has ventured to offer this production of his muse, such as it is, to the public notice *without* the previous recommendation of any *formal preface*. And why? Because it is his opinion, that, did not such his little offspring—at the time of its first appearance—possess sufficient strength to stand alone, the same, though soever dear unto him, ought to be left—

without that adventitious aid—deservedly to fall : in which case, if he the unkind and inconsiderate parent, as some might call him, could derive consolation from no higher source, still probably a something of the kind—to break and mitigate the force of the fall—would be deducible from the sentiment which, at the opening of the plan, he has advanced in the *Greek* quotation, out of the author of the celebrated treatise ‘ On the Sublime ;’ a sentiment in the English language that signifies, ‘ *In great attempts, to fail is at least no dishonourable failure.*’

He has also *not* offered to assist his Christian reader with a chain of directing signs to the Sacred Passages, which are either actually quoted or obviously contemplated by him : because, his theme being entirely founded on the history of “ the Gospel,” (for which sole reason he has given to it the title ‘ *Gospel Harmony*’) if he had so done, the margin on either side of each page must have presented *one continuous* line of Scripture references.

He has likewise *not* availed himself of the privilege, freely to amplify and adorn his work with the brilliant and attractive gems, that might have been culled from the strains of the most popular poets and worthily admired authors : because he apprehended, lest either the train of their ideas, or the style of their diction should have interfered with the unity and simplicity of his design, which required him to

draw entirely from the pure celestial fountain of “living waters;” yet still with the purity of that design, he must candidly confess, he has mingled a little of a baser alloy, being not wholly free from the excitement of an ambitious desire to attempt to show that the glorious subject of “The Redemption,” though in faint and feeble lines described, is capable of no mean or uninteresting illustration.—Wherefore, not until he had finished the fair copy for the press, did he suffer himself to read scarce one line of the poets, *to whom he is much indebted* for the motto in the title-page, and also for the other short sentences selected to embellish the front of each of the four parts of the poem.

He has moreover *omitted* to place, in a separate and prominent position, the scene of that most sublime and momentous event, ‘*The Judgment of the Last Day* :’ and why ? Because the infinite extent of the prospect to be then revealed; the glorious splendour of the heavenly throne, and of the Majesty of *Him* seated thereon; the dread solemn tone of the impression, which shall not fail to be made by the sound of the final—the Eternal Doom : because indeed such views far exceeded the limits of the little space prescribed to his work, and the contracted span of the lines in which his stanzas move ; yea, because such views exceed the narrow capacity, and therefore check the aspiration of his humble and trembling muse—especially

when he could not forget, that already had issued from the highly-gifted pen of a very eminent author, 'the Poet Laureate' of the age, a poem inscribed with this identical title, '*The Last Judgment*.'

Under such circumstances ; although upon the said most awful and interesting subject of contemplation many of the Lord's strongest parables directly bear, and though this same scene evidently constitutes the important theme of the Lord's last most serious and impressive warnings ; nevertheless, so conscious did the writer feel of the poor deficiency of his line, to measure and to trace the pattern of that Vision all-confounding and overwhelming with its glory, that, on every approach toward it, he was, as by an instinctive tremor of his soul, compelled to draw back, deterred thence, and shrinking ; even so, as if at the moment a voice more than human had been heard, sounding in his ears this caution, " Lay thine hand upon him, remember the battle, *do no more*."*

* Job xli. 8.

NOTES.

‘HYMN FOR CHRISTMAS DAY,’ p. 45.

WHEN, by reason of the increasing number of the lines, the Author was induced to divide the Poem into four Parts ; he then considered also that the intervals could not be better occupied, than with a few appropriate Hymns, separately adapted to illustrate some of the most interesting and important Events in “the Gospel,” relative to the Divine Founder of the Christian Religion. Of these Hymns, the reader will find the first, to be the one for Christmas-Day—*that blessed era*, which is worthy to be celebrated with religious and public exercises of grateful piety, by all true believers, as long as “the Tabernacle of God” shall continue to be with them on the earth : for the same constitutes the *first* subject of Christian rejoicing, and therefore deserves eminently to be distinguished and honoured by an annual tribute, or a general offering of holy Devotion and Praise ;—though, on account of the due observation of the said Festival, the Church has been aspersed with severe censures ; yea, by some has she been unjustly accused of thus sanctioning and maintaining the mummary of an Institution, to which they object—that it not only savours of superstition and vanity, but that it also exhibits signs of an irrational act of ignorance and folly ; because involved in a

dark cloud of uncertainty is acknowledged to be the exact period, the fulfilment of which is commemorated as the Time of the Manifestation of Christ in the Flesh.

—True—let it be granted, that neither is it in the power, nor is it the intention of the Church, thereby precisely to fix the Era of our Lord's nativity; 'yet,' as Mr. Mosheim very wisely observes, 'of what consequence is it to learn precisely the hour, the day, or even the year? We know that the Sun of Righteousness hath shone upon the world, and though we cannot fix the period, in which he arose, to the very instant, this will not hinder us from enjoying the direction and influence of his vital and salutary beams.'* Nor—may the present writer be permitted to add—though they admit the possible error of a wrong calculation of the day—" *When Jesus was born;*" should this *venial* circumstance prevent his faithful followers from keeping, with devout joy, with active benevolence, and with innocent festivity, this happy season, consecrate to the blessing of free Redeeming Love. For with *such* a religious Festival there is connected a visible and public memorial, for a standing and concurrent Testimony to the Truth, of what is recorded in "the Gospel" of "the Birth of Jesus Christ;" and of the pure and merciful end, for which He, "the Son of God, was sent into the world."

* Addison's Evid. Christian Relig. [Notes to Sec. 2.] p. 65.

PART II. No. VII. p. 79.

Lest any confusion may arise, because in the New Testament three persons, of whom each proved an equally great “Enemy of all righteousness,” bear *the same name*: the writer deems it the proper place here to offer something, by way of distinguishing them.—These were the three Herods—those brother-monsters of cruelty and iniquity; truly deserving such designation, by reason of their having so strongly resembled each other in their character, by their impious opposition to the interests of Christ’s Kingdom, and by their bloody persecution of Christ’s Church in its infant state.

The first Herod was he—by profane authors called ‘Herod the Great’—whose name *alone* is sufficient to excite in every tender breast painful sensations of abhorrence, at the recollection of the inhuman massacre of the Innocents in Bethlehem! (*Matt. ii.*)

The second Herod was he, the son of the former Herod—so distinguished by the appellation of ‘Herod Antipas’—“the Tetrarch of Galilee,” and the murderer of “the Baptist;” the same Herod also ‘that laid snares for our Saviour, who, knowing his subtle designs, termed him “*a Fox*,”’ in his reply to certain of the Pharisees, when seeking, by means of the report of the sanguinary spirit of this Ruler, to alarm our Lord, those hypocrites came unto him, saying, “Get thee out, and depart hence; for *Herod* will kill thee.” (*Luke xiii.*)

The third Herod was the grandson of ‘Herod the Great,’

and so thence named Herod Agrippa ; even that “ Herod the King,” who, to gratify the malice of the unbelieving Jews, commenced his wicked and vexatious attempts against the peace of “ the Church,” with slaying one of the Apostles, and incarcerating another ; the same too was brother to the very “ Herodias,” at whose instigation “ Herod the Tetrarch” was moved to imbrue his hands in the blood of “ John the Baptist,” for his having reprehended them for their notorious incest and violation of God’s law.—But, to return to the more immediate subject of the present Note—

With what judgment from Heaven that righteous blood was visited, either upon the head of him by whose command the same was shed, or upon the head of the adulteress who therein was guilty of “ the greater sin ;” is a point which cannot be ascertained by the light of Scripture : for nothing, or of the punishment, or of the death itself of this Herod, is mentioned in “ the Gospel.” But the history of ‘ Jewish Antiquities’ contains, however, a few striking reflections hereon, entitled to serious notice.

There, speaking of the murder of this ‘ *Excellent man*’ —as John is called by the historian—and of the just judgment of God which followed it, according to the general opinion of the Jews, in the signal overthrow and destruction of Herod’s army ; ‘ *Josephus*’ judiciously puts the question —‘ And what was his’ (that is—the Baptist’s) ‘ crime, but only his exhorting the Jews to the love and practice of virtue ; and in the first place, of piety and justice, and to a Regeneration by *Baptism*, and a *New-life*, not by abstaining from this or that particular sin, but by an habitual purity of mind, as well as of body.

‘ Now so great was the credit, and the authority of this holy man, as appeared by the multitude of his disciples, and their veneration for his doctrine ; that Herod did not know, how far the reputation of a man of his spirit might influence the people toward a revolt. So that, for fear of the worst, he therefore sent him away bound, to Machærus (a castle upon the borders of Aretas’s dominions) with order to have him put to death, which was accordingly executed ; and that impious fact was followed with a Divine vengeance upon *Herod*, for the *blood* of that *Just man*, as the *Jews* reasonably enough persuaded themselves.’*

Here ; who, capable of rightly exercising the intellectual faculties, can fail to observe, how (except that ‘ *Josephus*’ has omitted the circumstance of *the revenge* of Herodias, which was chiefly instrumental in producing that fatal catastrophe) this account of the Jewish historian perfectly agrees with the description, which Saint Matthew and Saint Mark give?—of the righteous character of the holy precursor of the Messiah, and of the strict religious tone of his doctrine, by them emphatically termed “ the Doctrine of Repentance ;” of the consequent apprehensions and fears of *Herod*, from knowing that the people “ counted John as a Prophet ;” likewise of his state of previous confinement, for they *both* relate that *Herod* sent an executioner, who went, “ and *beheaded John in the prison.*”

Wherefore ; were the Evangelical records to be considered as mere common histories, we have here a Gospel-fact

* Jewish Antiq. Book xviii. c. 7.

of no little importance to the Truth, (being an event closely associated with the commencement of the ministry of "Jesus Christ") attested in a manner which, upon the fairest ground, claims the belief of every candid and reasonable mind.—For this actually is the Testimony of one, who, *not being a Christian*, can never be suspected of the least *intention* to afford such a strong *Historical* evidence, in confirmation of the Truth of "the Gospel."

PART III. No. XI. p. 132.

After their rejection of "the Son of God," and of the offer of salvation in His name ; after their having also put to death Him, the greatest Prophet of all, and who for this reason, was *the last Prophet* to be sent to reveal to mankind the Will of God ; for *the Jews*, that had thus filled up the measure of their iniquity, nothing remained but a certain expectation by them of Divine vengeance—such as had been denounced of the Lord against them, and was about to follow them ;—until the excellency of their strength, the beauty of the Sanctuary, should be utterly wasted and destroyed ;—until the Holy City itself should be laid even with the ground, and her children within her. Under an apprehension of this dread impending judgment, is Jerusalem here called upon to keep the Feast of the Passover with signs of mourning and woe, with repenting in dust and ashes, and humbling herself before the Most High ; if so be such humiliation may be the means of staying, or of mitiga-

ting the sentence of God's wrath. She is therefore reminded of the time of her *former* calamity, which is so feelingly depicted in "the Lamentations" by Jeremiah, who was both a witness to the scene of the said desolation, and also a partaker of that bitter cup of misery; so that his was no feigned tone of sympathy. when he exclaimed—"How doth the city sit solitary, that was full of people! how is she become as a widow!" And, again—"The elders of the daughter of Zion sit upon the ground, and keep silence; the virgins of Jerusalem hang down their heads to the ground." And with this description it is easy to trace corresponding lines, in the *lowly* posture in which Jerusalem was afterward represented by her enemies; when her sons and her daughters having been either destroyed in the siege, or carried away captive by the conquerors, she was left solitary and alone—"as a widow"—to bewail the loss of them. For it is no trivial mark of coincidence, which we are hereby directed to note;—namely, how, that by the Romans,—to celebrate their victory in Judæa—'Medals' were also struck on the occasion; on one side of which there is the head of Titus the victor, and on the other is a female figure in the attitude of grief, *sitting* under a palm tree, while the encircling inscription—'Judæa capta,' evidently points to Judæa as taken by Titus, who commanded the Roman army, which conquered Jerusalem and levelled it with the dust. For could any chain of events produce a more exact coincidence? as if in *literal fulfilment* of the words, in which Isaiah, more than eight hundred years before, had predicted the fallen, the ruined and disconsolate state of Zion, saying,—

“*And she, being desolate, shall sit upon the ground.*”
—(compare Isaiah iii. 25, 26. with Luke xix. 41—45.)

Thus was the divine sentence verified in the captive and forlorn condition of Judæa; whose children, dispersed among all nations, to the present day remain a *distinct* people: and apparently, still the objects of a special providence, they continue to attest the truth of that part of the predictions in the sacred volume, which has been already fulfilled in them; with affording a strong presumption—in respect of the remaining things foretold concerning them—that *all* shall be surely accomplished in their season.—Inso-much that ‘things of this kind naturally turn the thoughts of serious men towards the full completion of the prophetic history, concerning the final restoration of that people; concerning the establishment of the everlasting Kingdom among them, the Kingdom of the Messiah; and the future state of the world under this sacred government.’*—Nay, if any close and serious observer of ‘*the signs of the times*’ be thence led, on sober grounds of calculation, to infer that “Summer is nigh,” or that the crisis—for the developement of this pure and happy change of empire—is now almost completed, and is drawing near: let not him who adopts such an inference, without suffering it to interrupt the course of present duty, but who by such a great and sublime expectation is stimulated the more, in his religious exertions to promote the best interests of civil society; yea, let not the believer in the promise, which is made to both

* Butler’s Analogy—Part II. chap. 7.

Jews and Gentiles, be put down for a wild enthusiast or for a visionary dreamer. Why not? Because—‘This probable opinion, if held in the spirit of Christian modesty, affords, under the sanction of the coolest reason, a new and strong excitement to religious hope. He who entertains it may exultingly, yet calmly exclaim, “The night is far spent, the day is at hand;” and the kindling expectation will rouse him to greater diligence in every good work, to greater watchfulness against every defilement of heart, and frivolity of spirit, and inconsistency of conduct:—he will strive, with holy wakefulness, to live as the disciple should who is “*waiting for his Lord.*”’*.

PART III. No. XVI. p. 144.

In his intended illustration of the religious honours, which according to ancient tradition appertain to ‘the Isle of Avalon,’ as the author finds he has been anticipated by the editors of those two very pleasing and instructive periodicals, ‘The Guide to Knowledge,’ and ‘The Saturday Magazine;’ he will therefore here avail himself of the opportune aid, afforded by a few extracts from their respective papers on the subject of ‘*the Abbey of Glastonbury.*’

‘Glastonbury, situated on a kind of peninsula, called *the*

* Nat. Hist. of Enthusiam—Prophet. Interpret. p. 116.

Isle of Avalon, was once greatly celebrated for its Abbey ; which is said to have been the richest and most magnificent in the world; and, from its great antiquity it has been called “The first ground of God and the saints in Britain,” “The Mother of all Saints, and the rise and fountain of religion in England:” according to the Monkish annals, Glastonbury Abbey was first instituted by St. Joseph of Arimathæa, who buried the body of our Saviour, and whom Philip, the apostle of Gaul, sent to preach the gospel in Britain.*

‘The early introduction of Christianity into Great Britain is one of those events in our history which are veiled in considerable obscurity. “We see,” says our excellent church-historian, Fuller, “little certainty can be extracted who first brought the Gospel hither; ’tis so long since, the British church hath forgotten her own infancy, and who were her first godfathers. We see the light of the Word shined here, but we see not who kindled it. The honour of first evangelizing England has, indeed, been confidently ascribed to various individuals, and, amongst others, to Joseph of Arimathæa:” the same Joseph who—according to those legends which have a particular reference to Glastonbury—is said to have ‘here erected to *the honour of the blessed Virgin Mary*, of wattles and wreathed twigs, the first Christian oratory in England.’†

‘There can be no doubt that, according to the language of Scripture, the Apostles preached the Gospel almost throughout the world: but what we are told of the circum-

* Pinnock’s Guide to Knowledge, *May* 24, 1834.

† The Saturday Magazine, *October* 10, 1835.

stances that occasioned their journies, or that occurred to them in the course of their travels, should be received with caution. Every nation has been disposed to boast of a visit from its peculiar Apostle, or from some disciple of the Apostles, and to claim, or give, credit for whatever appeared to favour their presumption.*

Nevertheless ; whether erected by Joseph, or by any other holy founder ; in respect of ‘ the claim which is set up for Glastonbury, that the first Christian church was there erected,’ “ this Tradition,” observes Dr. Southey, “ may seem the more deserving of credit, because it is not contradicted in those ages when other churches would have found it *profitable* to advance a similar pretension.”

Moreover it may be asked—*What* constituted Glastonbury in the earliest period such an eminent object of *attraction* to the Christian missionaries—who are said to have selected this holy spot for the seat of their religious labours ; both ‘ St. Patrick and the famous St. Augustine ?’

Also—*What* formed its original *nucleus*, around which for many generations were accumulated the rich offerings of devotion from all parts of Christendom ? “ *Ex nihilo nihil fit.*”

But, respecting the ground on which ‘ even our Protestant Queen Elizabeth, and Archhishop Parker, ventured to claim Joseph as the first preacher of Christianity in England ’—But, respecting the ground on which *Glastonbury* builds, as it were, the sole undisputed pretension to the

* Addison’s Evidences of Christian Religion. Notes to Sec. v. p. 266.

high honour of having been the first place distinguished by this saint ; who is said here to have both sown the spiritual seed and planted ‘ the Holy Thorn ’ together ; the reader is left to form his own judgment, and to draw his own conclusion.

It was, however, the sight of the venerable ruins of this ancient Abbey, especially of those which remain to attest the pristine splendour of ‘ St. Joseph’s Chapel,’ that suggested to the author the allusive lines, the subject of which the present Note is designed to elucidate.

PART IV. No. XXIII. p. 212.

In an auspicious time, when England was in peace with all the world, by Her was passed An Act for the entire Abolition of Slavery in the West Indies ; and under that Act a Grant made—as a compensation to the proprietors or holders of the slaves—of twenty millions out of the public money, being deemed a sufficient sum to meet their equitable claims, in consequence of such a change.

This national act, however, of justice to both parties, even with the said liberal and ample provision annexed to it, does not comprehend the whole of the duty, which the inhabitants of this highly favoured country owe to their Christian brethren and fellow subjects in the British Colonies.

Unless, by means of religious education, *they* be qualified rightly to understand, to value, and to use the

blessing of the liberty so obtained ; the work of making *the Negroes* "free indeed," will remain for a long period incomplete and unfinished. Wherefore, under a deep sense of such a sacred obligation, 'The Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts' has enlarged the sphere of its labours of love, by chiefly undertaking this great and glorious work, viz. 'The education and religious instruction of the emancipated negroes in the West Indies:' by which extension of its useful and pious services, is this Society entitled to prefer a new claim 'to be promptly and powerfully seconded by a Christian Public,' in and toward providing for the expenses of the said new additional charge.

As the author of this poem has announced it his intention, whatever may be the profits of the present edition, to contribute the same to the funds of the said truly Evangelical Society ; he is induced to close this appeal in behalf of its pure and spiritual interests, with a repetition of the following lines—

' Is *this* the Great Redeemer's Cause,
To whom we every blessing owe ?
Who from the fountain freely draws,
Let each a *grateful mite* bestow.'

Gospel Harmony, Part I. No. III.

A FREE TRANSLATION
OF THE
LATIN SENTENCES AT THE END OF THE POEM.

TO THE KIND READER.

THUS then—without presuming to ascribe its original cause to any holy impulse—may the writer be permitted to acknowledge, how by the favouring aid of the Divine Spirit he has been enabled in the sixty-first year of his life to finish a small poem ; to which, for the last four years, he ceased not from devoting his intervals of leisure betwixt the regular duties of his ministerial office, and the daily avocations arising out of the spiritual concerns of the souls of a population—in no wise small—committed to his care.

Of the said little work surely not too much is it for the composer to say, that often has it proved to him a happy relaxation of the mind, by means of a study accompanied with no trifling portion of its own sweet recompense ; especially, as he was conscious what so employed his thoughts was of a professional character, and applicable to the pure purpose of disseminating sound principles of godliness, and of maintaining the interests of “ the Truth.”

Accordingly; preparing to commit the same unto their candid judgment, he claims for it the indulgence of them who have the power of spiritual discernment, and a taste also of genuine affection for divine subjects: while, sensible of his own demerits—yet no stranger to the feelings of a grateful heart—he humbly begs, until death, to be remembered in their devotions by such of his religious readers as shall be disposed to regard the preceding verses—not in the light of a *Secular Ode*, adapted to charm the senses by the polished structure of its strains, and by the melodious sound of its numbers—who shall be pleased to receive them as the sincere evidence of a serious effort, in a spirit of co-operation with the functions of the author's holy calling, (however feeble be the effort,) hereby to render to the enquiring mind a reason, and to confirm the wavering soul in the belief of the hope of a blessed Immortality; even, of that hope of bliss eternal, which is deservedly esteemed the principal object of the revelation of the Gospel to mankind.

Finally; to the prayers of those friends, who shall thus contribute their kind auxiliary support, the writer feels deeply moved to join his own fervent supplication,

‘ That this Sacred Poem may be so blessed of the Lord, as through his grace to become a profitable instrument, among many other *far superior* productions of the like devout tone; toward extending the knowledge and illustrating the beauty of the descriptions in the inspired Volume, of the nature of the heavenly doctrine, the perfect example, and the infinite love of Him—who is the true Son of God and the blessed Redeemer of the world:’

Unto whom therefore, in token of the highest honour, by

believers ought universally to be ascribed “the Name”—whereby the glory of our “Immanuel” was from the first proclaimed, with the Voice that came to Him “from the Excellent Glory”—Even

“The Name which is above every Name;”

“The Beloved Son,” “The Son of God Most High;”

“*Jesus Christ*, the same yesterday, and to day,
and for ever.” “Amen.”

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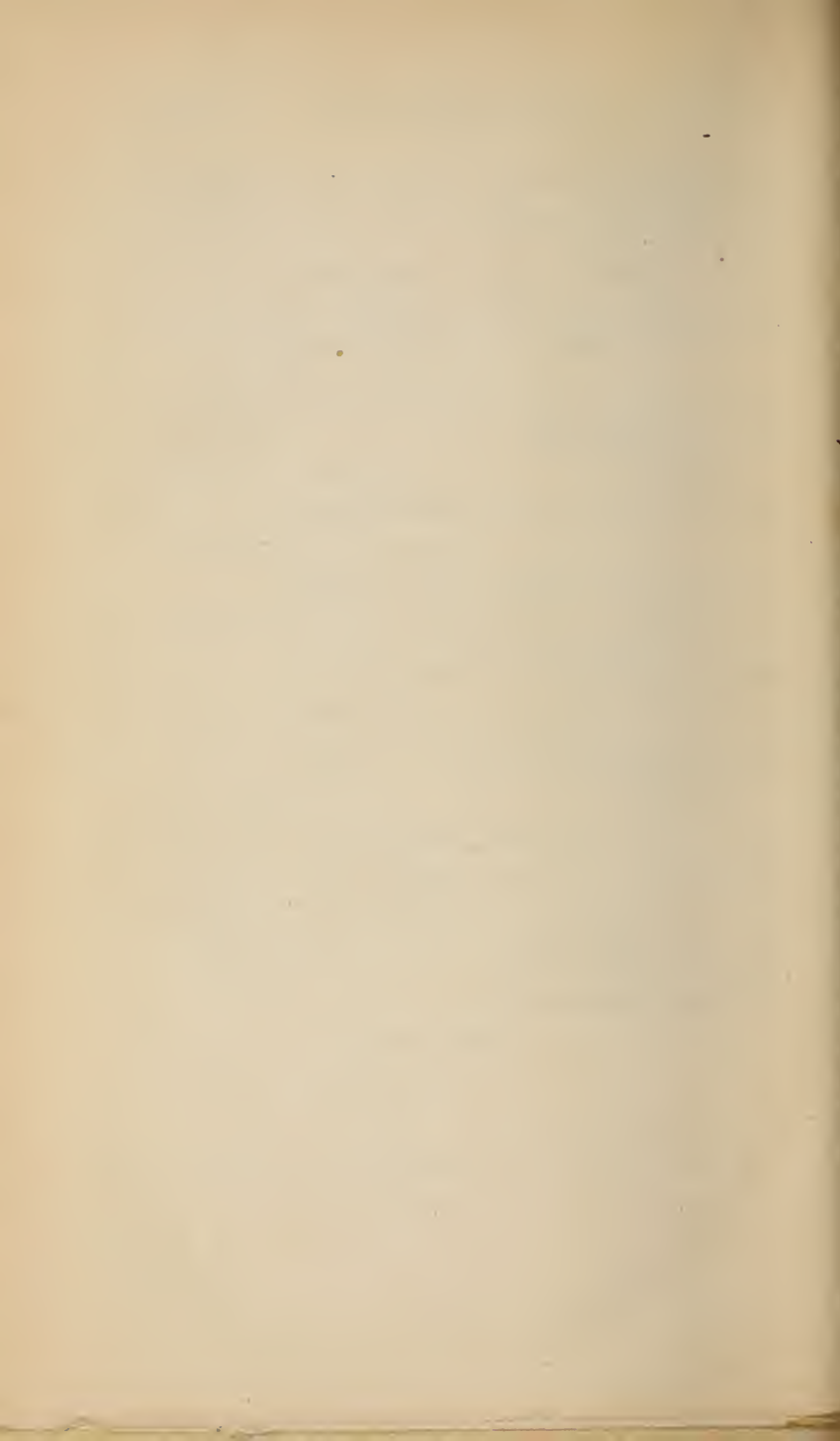
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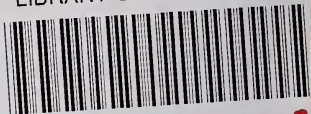


THE SINNER'S PETITION.

WHITHER shall I for refuge fly?
O Lord! my crying sins forgive,
Thou, that dost note the contrite sigh,
And in my spirit peace revive :
My guilt is great, I own with shame,
Who from the path of duty stray ;
Yet, “ Jesus !” call I on thy Name,
And still through Thee for pardon pray.
Around as fall the shafts of death,
My soul I unto Thee commend ;
To keep me in thy holy faith,
Blest Saviour ! until life shall end:
Hear, Lamb of God, my plaintive cry,
Hear ! lest of mercy I despair ;
Some token of thy love apply,
To free my troubled soul from fear.
Again before the Throne I bend,
In spirit sad and desolate ;
Only on Thee my hopes depend,
To raise me from my low estate

Lord ! with thy blood shed for my sake,
O cleanse my soul from every stain ;
That of thy peace I may partake,
And happy in thy love remain.
O Thou, who didst for sin atone,
I to *thy cross* for refuge flee :
And, as I trust thro' CHRIST alone,
By faith, to gain the victory ;
Lord ! in my last and trying hour,
Draw nigh, to close the mortal strife ;
That I may feel thy quickening power,
And pass *with Thee* " into Eternal Life."

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